

*Caledon's Tears:*  
OR,  
WALLACE,  
A  
TRAGEDY.

Containing the Calamities of SCOTLAND, from  
the Death of King ALEXANDER III. to the be-  
traying and butchering of that faithful Father of his  
Country, Sir WILLIAM WALLACE of *Elderslie*.

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Collected from Chronological Records by G. NISBET.

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*Suscipiendum est bellum, ut pace sine injuria vivatur.*

*Cicero*

*A free State is the best by far,  
Tho' sometimes its Support is War.*



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EDINBURGH,

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house in the Swan Closs, a little below the Cross W  
North Side of the Street. M DCC XXXIII.





To the Honoured  
Sir THOMAS WALLACE  
Of CRAIGIE, Knight-Baronet and Ad-  
vocate.

S I R,

**T**HE Sum of the following Sheets, being a Subject too sublime for Apollo himself, and his whole Quire of Daughters, what I propose by them, is, a short Memorial, sacred to the immortal Memory of your ever famous Ancestor, Sir WILLIAM WALLACE of Elderslie, Captain General, and Great Guardian of SCOTLAND, when Scots Blood ran in a Current with the common Springs.

*And seeing from him you are the lineal Descendant, the present Possessor of his once Paternal Estate, of whom you bear all the beautiful Resemblances, it is, that your Approbation will make this an acceptable Memorial to employ the Pen of a more elevated Parnassus.*

*So, hoping you will excuse the Undertaking, tho' not adequate to the Dignity of your Family, yet designing well, I remain, in all Respects,*

S I R,

Your humble and devoted Servant,

GABRIEL NISBET.

Persons

# Persons Represented.

## SCOTS *Worthies.*

MALCOLM LENNOX Earl of *Lennox.*  
Sir JOHN GRAHAME of *Montrose.*  
Sir WILLIAM WALLACE of *Elderslie.*

## SCOTS *Traitors.*

JOHN CUMINE Lord *Cumberland.*  
JOHN MONTEITH Lord *Arran.*  
AYMER VALLANGE Lord *Murray.*

## ENGLISH *Men.*

King EDWARD Surnamed *LANGSHANKS.*  
WOODSTOCK the *English* Orator.

## *Women of both Nations, and of neither.*

BELLONA Goddess of War.  
SIBYLLA Queen of the *Genii.*  
CALEDON, the same with *Scotland.*  
CLARONA Spouse to the *Scots* Champion.  
INFANTA Queen of *England.*

## *Occasional Actors.*

ROBERT BRUCE, the betrayed Heir of *Caledon.*  
JOHN BALIOL, BRUCE'S Competitor for the Crown.

## *By Actors.*

A Cupid.  
A Courier.  
*Rhymer* the old *Scots* Prophet.  
*Mungo Monteith* Sister's Son to Sir *John.*

CALE

# CALEDON.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

CALEDON'S King a hunting carried off by a Fall from  
his Horse.

### SCENE, Edinburgh Senate-house.

Pauper agit mundo dominis securius ævum. *Lucan.*

*Our Gods on Earth are not so great  
But they must once submit to Fate,  
While Industry denies the Poor  
These Pleasures that would prove a Snare.*

*Enters Lennox and Montrose.*

*Len.* **B**EST is each Moment of our Monarch's Reign,  
While Peace triumphant is prefer'd to War,  
Tho' Conquest ever grac'd the (a) Grampian Line  
With certain Success, and the (b) Victor's Car.

No boiling (c) Forth o'erflows with foreign Blood,  
A Nor

(a) Grampian Line. ] So called from the Grampian Hills  
in the North of Scotland.

(b) Victor's Car. ] The same with a triumphal Chariot.

(c) Forth, &c. ] A famous River that divides Scotland  
into South and North, and is joyned by an Arm of the German  
Ocean, which flows North-east from the Entry thereto, upon  
whose Banks there has been many memorable Battles fought,  
fatal to all Forreigners.

Nor Tempest mingles with our Mother's Fame.  
 No Seas of Slaughter, as when Billows rode  
 O'er Princes rolling to the German Flood,  
 That falling flutter'd in the foaming Main.

*Montr.* Ere long, dear *Lennox*, this indulgent Ray  
 Of Summer Sun-shine shall be set at Noon,  
 And Darknefs in the Evening of that Day  
 Arise with red Rebellion in its Bloom;

[ *At the back Screen they discover Bellona.*  
 For, see where chaste *Bellona*, charming fair,  
 A female Warrior with her Forehead crown'd,  
 Or cover'd with a Tuft of golden Hair,  
 Leads up unto us with the Trumper's Sound.

She bears Impatience in her Looks, for lo'  
 An armed (*d*) Cupid ushers in the Dame;  
 His Right a Braclet, on his left a Bow;  
 And (*e*) Temples trembles with the Nod and Plume.

[ *A Trumpet at a Distance sounding the Archers March.*

*Enters Cupid ushering Bellona, (Her Commission.)*

*Bell.* I'm sent, my Lords, (*f*) from her whose large  
 Confiners

Contains (*g*) the Hero of twelve Zodiack Signs,  
 Who holds (*h*) the Thistle in his threatning Paw,  
 And lodg'd (*i*) the Roman Eagle in his Maw;

From

(*d*) Cupid ushering Bellona, imports, That Love to Liberty  
 is an Introduction to a just War.

(*e*) Temples trembles, &c. ] To wit, the Temples of his  
 Head, for the Nod and Plume are Head Ornaments wore by  
 Champions in the War.

(*f*) From her. ] To wit, From Caledon, a Mother in  
 common to the Kingd.m, as also the Kingdom it self.

(*g*) Hero. ] Viz. The Lion in the Zodiack, the ancient Arms  
 of Scotland.

(*h*) A Thistle bore by the Scots Lion, with this Inscription,  
 Don't touch to hurt, — Or suffer for't.

(*i*) Roman Eagle. ] Viz. The Roman Army's Banner often  
 overcome by the Scots Lion.



# CALEDON.

3

From her; an Empress of an azure Form,  
Who, from (k) Bonevis, bolts at every Storm,  
And blacker Tempest bridles in her Ire  
With godlike Thunder, and the Gleams of Fire,  
To let you know the King desires you'd arm,  
And join his Horsemen hunting at Kinghorn.

Len. What can our Prince demand that we'll deny?  
Whose Orders is our Honour to obey,  
Were it to plunge in Seas of purple Gore,  
Or die a Death was ne'er endur'd before.

Bell. No sooner, Lennox, had the infant Day,  
In opening Blushes enter'd on its Way,  
Than from (l) Edina's Domes the Dawning roll'd;  
(Our Court) embroidred with imperial Gold,  
Where Orient Pearls in their (m) Ambits shone,  
So many Rivals to the rising Sun;

Yet is Obedience here the only (n) Base,  
Whereon is seated all the Center Rays.

Montr. Let but Bellona guide us to the Game;  
And entertain us with an Angel's Tongue;  
Her Presence shall impregnate every Bud,  
And recreate us as we range the Wood:  
So, with the Fairest while we're fond to toil,  
And round our Shoulders throw the savage Spoil,  
Whether by Sun-shine or a Shade we move,  
In the Heart Harness of (o) Hebean Love,  
Perhaps some Sportsman may espy a Hart  
More tame, and touch it with a tender Dart.

A 2

Bell. It

(k) Bonevis. ] *The highest Hill in Britain, situate in the Highlands of Scotland.*

(l) Edina. ] *i. e. Edinburgh so design'd.*

(m) Ambit. ] *i. e. The Circuit, Round, Circumference, or Periphery of any Sphere or Oval.*

(n) Base is the Ground Line, on which two inclining Lines from one Point, falling in a Triangle, gives the Full thereof.

(o) Hebean Love. ] *From Hebe the Goddess of Youth.*

*Bell.* It is a Patriot's Part to please his Prince,  
And not to linger on the least Pretence,  
When sovereign Bounty calls him to become  
One of the mighty Ministers of Fame.

Let then your Duty to your Country move  
your Reason, rather than the Rage of Love,  
Which has so oft of old embu'd in Blood,  
*Europa's* (p) *Danube* and the *Dardian* Flood;  
For, when that Passion is a Prince's Fate,  
He buys Repentance at too dear a Rate.

[ *Cupid aside to himself.*

*Cup.* See how attentively the great *Montrose*  
Looks on, and listens to the Lady's Voice:  
A (q) Head of Gold shall hover ere we part,  
And force a Passage to the Hero's Heart;  
Who, as he is already half in Love,  
Will joyn a *Cupid* sooner than a *Jove*.

[ *Drawing an Arrow he shoots.*

*Montr.* Gods! how I'm struck, how all my Art'ries stream.  
And boiling Blood runs Love in every Vein;  
One Arrow has enamour'd all my Soul,  
And conquering *Graham's* become *Bellona's* Spoil.  
Spare Lady, spare.

*Bell.* Not speak of Love, so long's a speedy War,  
If profane Prophecies portend aright,  
Leaves us at Freedom but for one short Night;  
The Morrow Morning, ere the Sun is hot,  
We by our own Bows may be over-shot.

*Montr.* A just Reproof, tho' no impending Storm  
Appears imprinted on the (r) Lion's Form.

Yet

(p) *Danube* and *Dardian*. ] *The first a River reckoned to Turkey in Europe, and the latter the River Scalmander or Xantus, near Troy.*

(q) A Head of Gold. ] *Signifying a Love-Arrow, said to be tipped with Gold.*

(r) Lion's Form. ] *Viz. The Lion in the Zodiack not being overcast or clouded.*

# CALEDON.

5

Yet grant there were new Sorrows to ensue,  
Hung horizontal round our Mother's Brow,  
Her hardy Sons would suddenly assail  
These Heads of Harness with their Hands of Steel,  
Where *Graham*, the Glory of the *Grampian* Age,  
Shall swim in Slaughter as he swells in Rage,  
And to *Bellona* bring the Battle Car,  
Load with the Treasures of a trading War ;  
So Lady learn to love, or let your Slave. —————

*Bell.* Have more than has *Bellona* Power to give.  
Yet you, so soon Sir as you shall become  
Your Country's Guardian, and allay'd to Fame,  
May arm the chaste *Bellona* to your Aid,  
Who'll in thick Battles thunder by your Side ;  
For now I wait till *Caledonia's* Woes  
In a red Harvest ripen into Blows ;  
And therefore is it that I only can  
Love you in so far's you do *Caledon*.

[*Exeunt.*



## SCENE II. Edinburgh Senate-house.

Tacitus labitur ætas, nihil tumultuatur, nihil admonet  
velocitatis suæ. *Seneca.*

*Our Time is ever on a Turn,  
A swift Decay or silent Urn  
May seize us when we're most secure,  
Without a Signal to prepare.*

*Enters Bellona and Montrose.*

*Bell.* **H**OW Sir, so soon ! Where is our Sovereign gone ?  
*Montr.* I lost him, Madam, in yon craigy Glen,  
And heard's it were Horse Feet and humane Words,  
Above the azure Plain and airy Orbs,  
Where looking up, I saw a Comet roll  
Through the Pale-Wain, and wander to the Pole.

A 3

*Bell.* Heavens

*Bell.* Heavens save the Prince, it is a cross Campaign;  
 For (a) Meteors seldom march at any Time,  
 But Majesty must follow in the Rear,  
 Whose Destiny's denoted by a Star  
 Of streaming Fire that sometimes flies at Noon,  
 And seldom misses to assault the King.

*Montr.* Heavens ward the Blow while I'm with Beauty  
 And gains in one Part what another's lost; (blest,  
 For, more than Life it self is she alone,  
 Whose Face does favour no affected Frown,  
 But full in its Perfections only flows  
 With Smiles far sweeter than the *Charon* Rose.

*Bell.* Such Aims and artful Artifice I shun,  
 A feign'd Affection and a flattering Tongue;  
 But hark, a Hymn! 'tis hidden Musick sure,  
 I hear it foughing softly up the Floor.

[*Montrose looking out at the back Screen.*]

*Montr.* Gods! here (b) a *Genii* all in charming green,  
 Of regal Port, and a majestick Mein,  
 Who in her right Hand holds a *Parian* Bowl,  
 With sprinkling Water, in her left a Scale,  
 Wherein she weighs contending Nations Claims,  
 And knows their Conflicts in all after Times:

She bends this Way: — *St. Andrew*, (c) *Albion's* Son,  
 And *George* for *England* arts the Goddess on.  
 Two guardian (d) *Garters* grace the *Grampian* Field,  
 On whose fair Crosses stands the Christian Shield.

Let

(a) *A blazing Star, Comet or Meteor, is said to presage the Death of a Prince, or some great Person.*

(b) *Genii imports a good or evil attending Angel, and is here feign'd to be the Queen of the Fairies, from whom Rhymer says he received the Gift of Prophecy, and therefore I could not but include them both, because the one was the Giver, and the other the Deliverer to us, of all the Sybillian Oracles answering to the Well or Woe of this Kingdom.*

(c) *Albion.* ] *The same with Caledon or Kingdom of Scotland.*

(d) *Garters.* ] *Two Garter-Knights, the Original of that Order.*



Let us retire, or otherwise decline  
Their Converse, which we may know out of Time.

[She removes, and Montrose with-  
draws to the Side of the Stage.]

*Enters the two Knights with their Country's Crosses and Garters.*

*Enters the Genii, who, sprinkling the Field, speaks thus,*

Gen. If divine (e) Destinies deceive us not,  
Fire, Sword and Famine shall invade the Scot,  
And woeful War, such as the Silver Sun  
Ne'er saw in all the Circuits he has run,  
Where Kings, Knights, Commons, a promiscuous Croud,  
Shall breath their Souls, and battle with their Blood.

The (f) Rook and Raven hither shall repair,  
To drink the purest of the purple Gore,  
And in their Tailons bear the tender Clay  
Of youthful Princes to their Young a Prey.

*Bellona* blows her Silver Trump, so soon's  
She hears the (g) Bag-pipe battle with the Drum;  
Which Sound unshaken *Caledonia* meets,  
And in her Marches musters all the Fates;  
Yet fears Surprise, and therefore is more slow  
To save her Bulworks from the burning Foe,  
Till Rage refers him to a red Revenge,  
And sakeless Slaughter celerates a Change.

[Holding up the Balances.]

See how the *English* Int'rest does decay,  
And each good Omen points towards the Sway.

[Turning to the Knights.]

Forbear your Strife, before your Kingdoms smoak  
With humane Slaughter, ere the fatal Stroke

OF

(e) Destinies. ] Omens or Fates, to whose Decrees the Gods are said to be subservient.

(f) Rook, &c. ] Referring to Rhymer's Prophecy of the Corbies drinking the Blood, and feeding their Young with the Flesh of Princes.

(g) Battle Musick used by the Scots in place of the Drum.

Of red revenging Justice does invade  
His Borders who his Brother has betray'd.

St. *Andrew*, as you're in the Right, remain,  
To guard your Country from each crafty Train,  
Whose Peace, in pardoning the Evils past,  
Will be more lasting than Revenge at last.

And you St. *George*, too subtle from the First,  
Who has so oft of old betray'd your Trust,  
And underhand endeavours to obtain  
A free unconquer'd Kingdom none of thine,  
Know you shall dearly buy such bold Deceit ;  
But rather would I that you were unite.

*Enters Rhymer the old Scots Prophet.*

Rhy. By *Vesta's* (h) Vale, three Steads of streaming White,  
Rich in red Gold-cloth, gnaw the golden Bit.

[ *Observing the Genii.*

What ? Here a Goddess too, and guardian Knights !  
Heavens save us Mortals from mysterious Sights.

[ *He starts back.*

Gen. Advance old Father, there's no Cause of Fear,  
Nor shall e'er Mankind mark you for a Lier,  
No Falshood further can affect your Tongue.

Rhy. ( i ) Nor you a *Genii* e'er adjudge me dumb.

Gen. You've gained more than was at first design'd  
To be intrusted to a humane Mind.  
Meanwhile (k) through Rocks and rapid running Streams,  
Through endless Arbours, and eternal Greens,  
Through Cells of Silver in seraphick Throngs,  
Where Earth from under echo's with our Songs ;  
Where

---

(h) By *Vesta's Vale* may be understood any *Arbour* or *Valley*,  
she signifying, by some the *Earth*, and by others the *Center* of  
the *Universe*.

(i) By the *Genii's Spell* of speaking *Truth*, it is supposed by  
some, that if *Rhymer* had not given this immediate Answer,  
he had remain'd for ever after speechless.

(k) Through Rocks, &c. ] This is the Language of one  
infernal, æthereal and eternal.

Where Mid-night Darkness is to us as Day,  
And Shades, as Sun-shine, shape us out the Way,  
We tread, traverse, advance, retire and run,  
Through Fire, Air, Water, and wide *Vacuum*.

[ *Genii and Knights remove.*

*Rby.* O happy Moment, wherein I became  
An Oracle to every Age of Time ;  
For now, my Lord, I can (l) foretell a Storm,  
That shall shake *Caledonia* ere the Morn ;  
Yea, ere a Watch, or woeful Hour expires :  
The threatning Tempest thunders in our Ears.

[ *Montrose looking out.*

*Mont.* It looks not so, for lo a settled Air,  
A Silver Sun within a Sovereign Sphere.

See how the radiant Car, with rapid Wheels,  
In the Meridian of his Reflects rolls.  
Sweet (m) *Zephir* softly fans the freckl'd Rose,  
No limped Waters wrinkle as he blows ;  
No Clouds o'ercast our Canopy of Day,  
Nor fatal Omen's figur'd in the Sky.

[ *A Shout, and soon after a second Shout.*

But ah ! a Shout ! — O Death ! a Shrink again !  
There's somewhat more inferr'd, than Wind and Rain.  
I see whole Crouds of crying (n) Cohorts climb  
The Rocks, and Princes pressing round the King.

*Enters a Messenger with a mournful Embassy.*

*Couri.* O that my Tidings were as false as true,  
And Death no other than an empty Shew.

A

(l) i. e. *A Prophecy of the King's Fall, and Kingdom's Calamities.*

(m) *Zephir, the West-Wind, a gentle Gale or perfuming Breeze.*

(n) Cohort each computed to consist of 60 Men at most, and so ten Cohorts made up the Sum of 600 Men to each Legion ; But in Cicero's Consulship, to a Legion was allowed 6000 Men, and to every Cohort 555 Foot, and 66 Horse.

A Dream, dull Colour, or an airy Shade,  
 And no substantial *Omnia* darting God,  
 That wandering Souls, in wide (o) *Elisian* Plains,  
 May claim their former Stations, and exchange.  
 But ah! His Summons suffers no Appeal,  
 Nor is there struggling with eternal Steel.

The Royal Court, array'd in rich Attire,  
 To Day at Hunting, hit the tender Dear.  
 When lo, a hudge Wolf, from a hateful Den,  
 Assaults our Sovereign's Horse, and holds the Rein.  
 Till falling headlong o'er a hideous Steep,  
 He stopt, and thereby strain'd a Sovereign Neck.

Dead lyes our Monarch, mantell'd in his Blood,  
 By his once warlike woeful Courser's Side.

[*The Courier and Rhymer remove.*]

*Montr.* Gods there a Tempest, where red Thunder reigns;  
 The Rage of Conquest, at the Rate of Kings.

*Enters Mother Caledon, supported by Bellona, and accompanied by Cummine and Monteith Conspirators.*

*Bell.* She faints, you Fathers, hast to her Relief,  
 If so your Presence can appease her Grief.

[*Montrose to Caledon.*]

*Montr.* Cease Madam, cease, for you must surely know,  
 We have ere now lost Worthies, and yet more  
 Of far more Merit ere few Ages pass,  
 Shall plunge unpity'd in Death's Purple Jaws.  
 Consider calmly, that they were but lent  
 A Time, and taken off in Discontent.  
 And when you've ponder'd all with peaceful Mind,  
 Think on your Children that are yet behind.

*Cal.* Here set me down, let *Cyprus* be my Shade,  
 And never after Sun-shine see my Head.  
 May no Gold Tresses down my Garments glare,  
 Nor shining Saphires sparkle in my Hair:

No

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(o) *Elisian* Fields, feign'd by the Heathens, to be the happy  
 Habitations of the Dead.



No Lambient Glories round my Lawrel play  
Their sporting Beams, nor spend (p) a spiral Ray  
At Sol's Return, but let retarding Night  
Eclipse for ever all the Orbs of Light.

For why, sad Death has by a destin'd Fall,  
At once bereav'd me of my only All.

Bell. She faints again, the Fathers clap their Hands,  
And each looks duller than her last Demands.

But ha, she moves, a Mixture of fine red,  
Thro' every (q) Fibre follows up her Blood.

Cal. Where am I now? what has obstruct my Stars,  
Or Sting of Death? what Destiny debars  
Our happy Meeting on *Elisian* Plains,  
Where neither Hynd, nor (r) Hyena holds the Reins.

When (s) *Fergus* flutter'd on the *Irijs* Shore,  
And other Worthies wallow'd in their Gore.

When (t) *Alpin's* Head along the *Pickish* Troops  
Was bore, and planted bleeding o'er their Porch,

I then conceiv'd small Grief, because I knew,  
A cruel Conquest would their Crimes pursue,

As when King *Kenneth* led to *Cameron*

His conquering Troops, where crouded Bulwarks shone  
In shining Brass, and Gates of glancing Mail,  
All struck assunder by the Strength of Steel.

But

(p) Spiral Ray is a Ray often turning, without touching in a Point.

(q) A Fibre] Is a small Blood-Vein, which communicates the Senses, and Signs of Life.

(r) Hyena] A Kind of Wolf, of all the most subtle.

(s) *Fergus* the First King of the Scots, Shipwrak'd on the Coast of Ireland.

(t) *Alpin* the 68 King of Scots, slain in Battle by the Picks, whose Head, when fixed on a Pole, was first carried along the Front of their Army, and after set over the Ports of *Abernethy* alias *Cameron*, their Capital: Which Disgrace was cruelly re-venged by his Son *Kenneth* the Second, who, having forc'd the Brazen Gates of *Cameron*, cut off the whole Progeny of the Picks.

But here's the woeful Case, no(u) regal Stem,  
 Proceeding from the precious princely Gem,  
 Survives, while *Baliol* with the *Bruce* contends,  
 And both are aided by their powerful Friends.

*Gum.* By my Commission, Madam, we bemoane,  
 Our Country's Losses, and lament your Son.  
 Nor is our Danger as it doth appear,  
 One Grievance less, than we have Ground to fear,  
 For *Bruce* and *Baliol* boldly will contest,  
 And both's too powerful to be soon suppress'd  
 At home,——But herein all our Hopes depend,  
 That *English Edward*, as he is our Friend,  
 Will, with his armed Force, and outmost Care,  
 See him establish'd who's the righteous Heir.  
 He, for your Safty, still at *Berwick* waits,  
 And knows you're coming by a Croud of Fates.  
 Meanwhile, may this becalm your troubled Breast,  
 And give you ever after endless Rest.

*Capl.* It is my Comfort, that my Cousin knows  
 The Contest, and is careful to compose  
 Each Difference, by adjudging it to him  
 Who best deserves it, and has Right to Reign.

Let therefore *Baliol*, *Bruce* and *Cumine* meet  
 That Prince with whom they have a Power to treat,  
 And tell the whole Affairs referr'd alone  
 To him, in hopes he'll do his Friend no Wrong.

*Exeunt*

*The End of the First ACT.*

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(u) Regal Stem.] Referring to King Alexander's dying without Heirs, the Candidates for the Crown being Bruce and Baliol, from the Relation they stood in to his Grand-Uncle's Daughters, Bruce descending in Blood by his Mother, and Baliol in Affinity by his Wife.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

CALEDON *subjected by Subtility.*

SCENE *changed to Berwick on Tweed.*

*Homines scelerati nocte dieque suam gestant in pectore testem.* *Juvenal 13.*

*The Wretch bears in his wicked Heart,  
A Witness of his own Desert.  
Which he endeavours every Hour  
To stifle by a straitning Power.*

*Enters Vallange and Cumine, Traitors.*

All. **S**Aw you the Streamers o'er the stormy *Forth*,  
Or other Openings of the (a) oval North,  
Ere burning *Phœbus* in his Beauty rose,  
Or on the Field of Day a Dawning glows.  
Read the Matter thus, our Monarch's Fall,  
Shall usher *Edward* in as Heir to all.

*Cum.* I never dream'd of Death, till (b) *Clotho* came;  
And with her Darkness to dissolve a Frame,  
Which to our Wishes, was a welcome Change,  
Where each ones Int'rest answer'd to their Aims.  
And as the Sable Courtain's shut, we're sure,  
By our Projections to possess Empire:  
For I'm in hopes, (c) to hunt the After-game,  
And ride more safely without Crub or Rein.

*Val. If*

(a) Oval North. ] *For why it is one Quarter of our Earth,  
which is of an oblate Spheroid Form.*

(b) Clotho. ] *One of the Three Destinies, whose Business it  
is, by Turns, to bring forth, spin out, and in the End untwist  
the Threed of Life.*

(c) Hunts, &c. ] *Meaning he could not miss (by a mistaken  
Zeal, ) to betray his Country, with the Assistance of other  
scots Traitors, underprop'd by the English Power.*

*Val.* If you'll renounce your Right, as I have mine,  
And for a Sall'ry, serve the *Engliſh* King;  
Give up your *Caledonia* as he craves,  
To grace his Conqueſts, and augment his Slaves;  
The ſame good Fortune ſhall attend your Fame,  
And (d) *Badenach* to *Cumberland* pertain.

*Cum.* I purpoſe ſo, ſee where the Sovereign comes  
In Shades of Gold-cloth ſet in Silver-plumes:  
At whoſe Appearance, the approaching Croud,  
In praiſing Cohorts, prattle round their God,  
While at his Feet, I lay my Freedom down,  
And hire my Conſcience to uphold his Throne;  
Yet with ſuch Caution that (e) contending Friends,  
Shall ne'er ſuſpect me for aſpiring Aims.

*Enters King Edward, and Woodſtock the Orator.*

*Val.* Hail mighty Monarch, who the Martial Age  
Admire, yet tremble, while your Troops engage.  
The warlike *Gaul* in his Meridian Sun,  
In Fyles of Honour, by the Fates led on.  
For 'gainſt all fictitious Powers, the Pride of *France*,  
Broke by your Bulwarks, bows to their Expenſe.

*Cum.* Thus, while all Nations dread your driving Car,  
As (f) an Aſylum from the Scene of War.  
From her your Siſter ſickning now to Death,  
I'm ſent to tell you, ſhe intruſts your Faith,  
From old Experience, and expects you'll crub,  
What e'er endangers her indearing Blood.

For

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(d) *Theſe and many moe Lordſhips, were all once under the treacherous Cumines. Badaneuch is, by the Vulgar, called Bad-enough; becauſe in the barren North Highlands; which made an Engliſh Soldier ſwear by his Blood, it was right nam'd, for he never bad worſe.*

(e) *Contending Friends, to wit Bruce and Ballol; by being ſeemingly ſerviceable to both, and at that ſame Time, ſetting up under Hand for himſelf.*

(f) *An Aſylum. ] Signifies a Place of Protection, a Shelter, Safe-guard, or Security from Harm.*



For lo, no sooner was her Son interr'd,  
Than several Subjects sought to be preferr'd;  
Who each apart impiously did claim  
A Sovereign Sway, and sacrificing Reign;  
And this being follow'd by a hot Contest,  
We wait your Answer, as you're prepossess'd.

King. By all that's sacred, civil, or prophane,  
By my imperial Palm and princely Line,  
My *Gaulick* Conquests, and my Crown I swear,  
That *Bruce* by Birth-right is my Brother's Heir.

Val. My Lord, no sooner civil War's unchain'd,  
But there's for certain somewhat to be glean'd.  
The *Cumine* says, Their Kingdom is distress'd,  
And all's divided during this Contest;  
Therefore he wishes, you would undertake,  
Some other Courses than for Conscience Sake.

King. No, I'll be faithful, seeing I'm the First,  
Whom *Caledonia* e'er inclin'd to trust.  
My former Conduct ne'er incurr'd the Stains  
Of coloured Words, nor counterfeit Designs.  
A doubtful Chance.

Say *Woodstock* is it not a willful Wrong,  
In one intrusted, to undo his Kin  
For no Offence.

Wood. Consult your own Concerns, and let not Sloth,  
Compress nor cumber your Imperial Growth;  
Nor rest contented till the Tempest's o'er,  
When Heaven for you has now unhang'd the Door.

What would your fam'd Ancestors not have done,  
For such a Footing in fair *Caledon*.

Thousands of Battles fought a thousand Years,  
And still no Success on their Side appears:  
Till you, the Younger, does by (g) yielding, gain

The

(g) Yeilding, ] Imports, That King Edward by yielding to  
the Requests of the Scots, had gain'd more upon them that Way,  
than had all the Armies of his Ancestors, who successively, endea-  
voured in vain to invade them, for the Space of a Thousand Years.  
And therefore we say, The Shield of Pallas (which is Pru-  
dence) prevails more in War, than the Sword of Mars.

The Price of so much Blood bestow'd in vain;  
But if to Day you are not so design'd,  
Know Time had never yet a Tuft behind.

*King.* I swear, Sir *Aymer*, he's an useful Man,  
Who stills his Conscience with a stammering Tongue.  
For now, whatever was my old Pretence,  
This is the Postscript in the plainest Sense.  
Either (b) unrival'd I alone will rule  
That Rebel Kingdom, or an under Power,  
In *Caledonia* shall confess my Crown,  
And pay a yearly Tribute for the Throne.

Nor will the Prince's Party that's suppress'd,  
Abandon me, in Hopes to be possess'd  
One Day or other, so shall their own Arms  
Be what will bind them up to any Terms.  
Yet doubtless I'll disemble till the Chain  
Is form'd a Fetter to the falling Frame.

*Cum.* Would God all Disputes were decided thus,  
But I'll be silent, for I see the *Bruce*.

*Enters Bruce the betrayed Heir of Caledon.*

*Bru.* With all Submission to the Royal Sire,  
*Woodstock* and other Worthies present here,  
I plead my Birth-right in these Bonds of Blood,  
That stream'd from *Fergus* as he stem'd the Flood;  
From whom my Rival cannot raise a Proof,  
But begs an Int'rest therein by his Wife.

*King.* Our Royal Will is, you possess the Throne,  
Even tho' the *Baliol* has the better Claim,  
With this Provision, that it holden be,  
Submissive, and subjected unto me.

*Bru.* Gods! can a Mortal ever after have  
One Calm of Conscience, who would thus enslave

---

(h) Unrival'd, &c. ] Here King Edward, who had hitherto acted seemingly honest, takes the Opportunity of expressing the Way and Manner he was to manage his Trust, by betraying it under a Figure of fair Dealing.

conquering State, Yea, rather would I tholl  
Ten Thousand Deaths, and thunder out my Soul;  
Than be the cursed, cruel, unchristian End  
Of what's our Interest always to defend.

[He retires in a Rage.

*Enters Baliol, Bruce's Competitor for the Crown.*

*Bal.* Dread Sir, while list'ning at the limet Hour,  
I heard the *Bruce* upbraid a bounding Power;  
And curse the Authors of an Over-Lord,  
As if the Action ought to be abhorr'd.

Let (i) *England's* Sovereign rule *Edina's* King;  
For I'll be Subject, that I may but reign.

*King.* Then sign it *Baliol*, and we shall have done,  
Till your Behaviour abrogates the Crown;  
And know it is the *Bruce's* Right you reave,  
Which, no less guilty, I engage to give.

[*Baliol* having subscribed a Sheet of write Paper, to which  
Vallange and Cumine sign Witnesses, *Exeunt.*

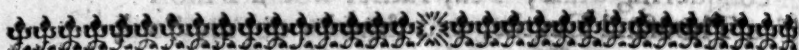
*The End of the Second ACT.*

(i) *The subjecting of Albion to England, which was abo-*  
*minate by Bruce, is greedily embraced by Baliol, who thereby*  
*pav'd his Way to the vacant Throne, and was clandestinely*  
*crown'd at Scoon, Anno 1291.*



B

ACT



## ACT III. SCENE I.

ENGLISH Tyranny, and SCOTS Triumphs.

## SCENE Edinburgh Senate-House.

Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras. Ovid.

To be rapacious, rude or cruel,  
Does not become a humane Soul

*Enters Lennox and Montrose.*

*Len.* **W**HAT Hand upholds the Planetary Way,  
Or with hudge Gardies guides the gleaming Day.  
Where now is heard the Lash from *(a)* Titan's Car,  
When o'er his Temples trips the Morning Star.  
He darting downwards, drops his driving Reins,  
And reigns, *(b)* a Phaeton in the rapid Streams.  
Who, as he's falling, furrows up the Floods,  
In fiery Retorts rolling round their Gods.

*Montr.* To Day, dear *Lennox*, ere the limped Stream  
Had run its Murmurs round a Morning Beam,  
By Mid-night Visions in the Vale of Cares,  
We heard the Omens Answer to the *(c)* Spheres,  
That *(d)* Baliol would not long possess the Pride  
He had, in having once his own betray'd.

While

*(a)* Titan the same with Sol, Apollo, Phæbus or Hyperion.

*(b)* Phaeton the Son of Apollo, who fell from the Command of his Father's Chariot, in the Flood or River Eridanus.

*(c)* Spheres, whose Harmony is said to be so affecting, that it would incline us to joyn eternally in that Consort.

*(d)* Baliol the Betrayer of the Kingdom, being to be depos'd for a pretended Offence, prepares to fight Edward, who was then upon his March with a mighty Army of his own, and other Auxiliaries, usher'd in by exorbitant Scots.



While bloody *Edward* to his Banner joyns  
Above Ten Thousand of our thieving Clans:  
*Cumine, Corspatrick, Vallange and Monteith,*  
All from their Cradles, Curses to the Earth.  
And with them many mighty Legions moe,  
Whose Sum or Number, none is said to know.

“ For by a hideous Noise afar, as from  
“ The roaring Seas, or rolling Ocean’s Womb,  
“ Like as when Surges on the Surface beat,  
We guess’d their growing Army to be great.

*Len.* A numerous Host of humane Butchers, bred  
To deal in Death, and domineer in Blood;  
With Traitor *Scots*; that by a train’d Deceit,  
He gain’d, who only is by Treason great.  
While *English, Irish, Welsh,* and wandering *Gauls*;  
Stood all embattled under *Berwick* Walls,  
Whereon *Corspatrick, Cumine and Monteith,*  
Leads up the *Scots* from Skirmishes to Death.

For when the Day was distant in the Deep,  
And wearied Watchmen in their Wards asleep.  
Our (e) Chief not slumbers, but a Signal waits;  
And to the King of Terrours times his Gates.  
At which the *English* Army enter in,  
By *Edward’s* Orders to increase the Slain.  
Till near Nine Thousand Men amidst the Flames;  
And prattling Infants perish’d with their Dames.  
So’s not so much as one surviving *Scot*,  
Is left a Witness of the Wars Deceit;  
Yet not a few upon the forreign Side,  
To be the Butchers of the next betray’d.

*Montr.* This done, he bids his Army straight prepare,  
To battle forward, and besige *Dumbar*,  
Earl *Patrick’s* Lordship, where the *Baliol* lay;  
With wav’ring Forces, and a weakned Sway.

B 2

And

(e) Our Chief, to wit, *Earl Patrick of Dumbar*, who being  
Governour of *Berwick*, betray’d it to the *English* under Night;  
wherein, to the Number of 9000; Men, Women and Children,  
were slain.

" And now the Thunder of the War's begun,  
 " With blowing Bagpipe, and the bolting Drum,  
 " The Trumpet Tenor Times the Traitor Host,  
 " And daring Armies dread the driving Dust.  
 " For lo, amidst a Mass of marching Clay,  
 " A Flight of Arrows force their flaming Way,  
 " In Showres of shining Death, that sharply spreads,  
 " Amongst our *Albions*, all their armed Heads.

For lo, (f) Earl *Patrick* had on Purpose led,  
 His own Adherents to the *English* Aid,  
 And in the Van of their advancing Foes,  
 They view the (g) *Thistle* leading on the *Rose*.

*Len.* In all successful, he commands each Lord,  
 To press their Legions on with Fire and Sword;  
 And at their Perils, not preserve one *Scot*,  
 So's their Remembrance may be routed out.  
 And herein do they only all obey,  
 Who march to Murder, and go mad on Prey.

For while the Infant apes his Father's Crys,  
 And pleads a Papa as he prattling dies,  
 He's only answer'd by an angry Doom.  
 And sent a Postscript to his Parents Tomb.

Nor can (h) the Suckling's Innocence avail,  
 To shield his Body from the burning Pile.

Forc'd

(f) *Earl Patrick*, by a pretended Flight to *Dumbar*, does here also betray *Baliol's Army* under Trust.

(g) The *Thistle*, &c.] Imports the Rebel Scots, in the Front of the *English Army*: For the *Thistle* stands in the same Relation to the Scots *Lyon*, that the *Rose* does to the Three *English Leopards*.

(h) *Sucklings*. (Sacred to the Memory of that second Herod, their admir'd King, Edward and his mercylefs Host) must also be a Scene of their Slaughters, being rent by them from the Breasts of their ravish'd Mothers, and raised on the Point of a Spear, are thus insulted in their Agonies,

See how the Scots Frog fighters round our Piles,  
 How in the Air he sports him as he sprawls.

Forc'd from his Mother, while he holds her fast,  
And flying forward, flighers to her Breast;  
All to no Purpose, as he's press'd to Death,  
And from their Lances leads immortal Youth.

And now in *Ramah Rachel's* heard to wail,  
As *Hered's Army* enters (i) *Hinnom's Vale*;  
For why, her Children are not she complains,  
And flies all Comfort to condole her Sons,

Our faithful Princes, by a forreign Guile,  
Are partly murder'd, and immers'd in Goal.  
Our Females ravish'd, and our Fear returns,  
From what e'er Corner of our Country burns.

*Montr.* Sure *England* never underwent such Woe,  
In all the Conquests she is said to know,  
Where's nothing common, but the Clash of Arms,  
'Midst Checks of charging Hosts, and hostile Harms.  
The Shouts of sakeless Children, lowder Shrinks  
Of ravish'd Virgins on (k) *Devana's Banks*.  
Our ancient (l) Records, Heirs and Honours must  
Their *Edward* answer, and to *England* trust;  
Who does not leave us, till he's left but few  
To fly, and many Thousands to pursue.

[Montrose looking out.

Lo yonder comes three Persons pale as Death,  
Who're surely *Scots*, if there be *Scots* on Earth,

B 3

For

(i) *Hinnom, Gehenna and Tophet, may be all taken for one and the same Valley, where stood the Idol Moloch, to whom the Jews sacrificed their Children by Fire, and it is therefore figur'd for Hell; — But now we sacrifice to Moloch's Mate, — To wit, the English Idol, Old Deceit.*

(k) *Devana, the old Name or Designation of Aberdeen.*

(l) *King Edward having, at Scoon, deposed Baliol, and Garrisoned the Country, carries with him to England, the Heirs, Princes, and other Patriots of our Crown and Kingdom: As also, among other learned Men, the famous Doctor John Duns, alias Scotus, with our Books, Registers, Laws, Histories, and Monuments of Antiquity; designing thereby, to make us despair of Liberty, the Memory thereof being lost.*

For by their outward Aspects one may judge,  
At no small Distance they design Refuge.

*Enters a Courier, conducting Rhymer and Bellona, who are  
thus barrangu'd by the Heroe Lennox.*

*Len.* From Midnight, to the Morning Watch I wait,  
Who comes, who runs, or rushes to the Gate,  
From what (m) Arsenal of a sad Revenge,  
Flows all these Curses that includes a Change?  
Does *Caledonia* live, and live to Woe,  
Or from her Funeral have you fled the Foe?

From whence, or whither go ye to complain,  
Of foreign Fraud or Fellony at home.

*Cour.* From *Albion's* Army under *Lowdon-Hill*,  
Where roars the rampant Lyon in the Vale,  
As *Scotland's* Hero from its heavenly Top,  
Springs in the Air a Spear while thus he spoke,

Know each surviving Son to *Caledon*,  
Whose Anguish has not answer'd *English* Doom  
That neither Slumber shall my Eyes command,  
Nor Crowns and Scepters stay a conquering Hand,  
Till once the crafty *Edward* own his Crime,  
And with his Butchers (n) beg his Passage home,  
Or here, amidst his dying Force, expire,  
And to our *Albion* leave her old Empire.

Thus tell my Brethren, That the bloody Host  
Are now in Earnest, yielding up the Ghost.

*Montr.* I hear with Patience, what alone would please,  
Were it a certain Truth and no Surmise.

But ah! I'm conscious 'tis a Kind of Dream,  
Or Interest would have made the Matter plain.

*Cour.* No Falshood Fathers, nor a fair Disguise,  
Where more of Lusture than of Lumber lies;

For

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(m) Arsenal. ] *Is an Armory or Store-house of Artillery.*

(n) Beg, &c. ] *As did Edward the Second, after his Defeat at Bannockburn, crying, Three Kingdoms for a Boat, viz. England, Ireland, and France, for free Passage.*



For lo, when all our Lambient Glories fled,  
 And fairest Sun-shine was a friendly Shade;  
 When Saxon Fury flash'd with earthly Flames,  
 And burnt our dying Bodies with our Domes,  
 A Planet rose, by Providence, and plac'd,  
 Its healing Vertues in the heavenly West;  
 And as it larger grew, the lighter Beams,  
 Our Azure Day from (o) Irvine's Eddie streams,

In short, the Saxons only fought to slay,  
 And we were ready to resign our Clay,  
 When rose Sir William Wallace swift as Air,  
 And strong as (p) Atlas, to uphold the Sphere,

Len, O matchless Message, does the very Gods  
 Themselvies assent to all that incommodes  
 The Saxon Conquest; say seraphick Sir,  
 What Champion is he under who we are  
 Alive to Day? — O linger not to share,  
 'Mongst our Amusements on a massing War,

Comr. This Infant Hero hitherto conceal'd  
 In vain, and at a Venture now reveal'd,  
 Of (q) Achin-bo or bothie fam'd to be,  
 Sir Malcolm's Second Son of Elderslie.  
 Whose Brother John enjoy'd not long Repose,  
 But with his Father fought a Host of Foes,  
 And greatly fell, as they for Freedom stood,  
 Bath'd in their own, and in the English Blood;  
 Of whom Two Hundred in their Harness lay,  
 And set at Evening ne'er to see the Day;  
 While our young Champion but a Child appears,

And

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(o) A famous River in the West of Scotland, on whose Banks Wallace had many blyth and bloody Days.

(p) Atlas. ] The Name of a Hill, and King of Mauritania, who is feigned to support the Earth, and bear up the Heavens on his Shoulders.

(q) Achin-bo or Achin-bothie. ] The Name of a neighbouring Stead to Elderslie; also a Part of Sir William's Possessions, after the Death of his Father Malcolm, and his Brother John, who is by some named Malcolm.

And lives by (r) O'erlight, not by odds of Years.  
 Tho' scarce Six Winters had their Wonders spread,  
 In raging Tempests round his rising Head.  
 Who by the *Omens* was ordain'd to live,  
 Three Lustures thrice, and thrice ordain'd to save  
 Our slaughter'd *Caledonia*, and conclude  
 His Conquests with the Crimson of his Blood.

*Montr.* How then escap'd he for a Scourge to them  
 Who had his Father and his Brother slain.

*Cour.* His Mother's Loss being great, and great her Care  
 For to preserve their Off-spring in the Heir,  
 From *Dunipace* conducts him to *Dundee*,  
 ( And is herself his Usher o'er the Sea )  
 There with his Uncle to remain at School,  
 And screen the Greatness of his *Grampian* Soul.

Who to himself would often sigh and say,  
 See how the *Saxons* bear a sinful Sway,  
 See how they murder by the Morning's Light,  
 And cease not in the silent Hours of Night.

Alas! old *Albion*, how is now your Pride  
 Impung'd, and all your Liberties betray'd?  
 How fruitless is the Favours you bestow,  
 To be ingrafted on the Grains of Woe?

Nor were these Words of Course without a Croud  
 Of Acts the *English* never understood,  
 For he no sooner met a *Saxon* Foe,  
 Than at one Stroke, he struck his Head in Two,  
 While *English* marvell'd at their many Slain,  
 And pass'd the Author, not suspecting him,

Till

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(r) Lives by O'erlight, &c. ] Not that they favour'd his  
*Infancy*, but that they knew him not to be Sir Malcolm's Son.  
 And here it is to be observed, That England's after Safety, lay  
 in their being slain when unprovided for Defence; for, if one  
 Wallace alone was such a Terror to the Saxons, what would  
 three such have been, all of one Blood, in all Probability parallel  
 in their Power, and unite in Interest as One.

Till (f) Sixteen Summers had for Sentence given,  
That he should foil them in the Face of Heaven ;  
For twice two Hundred are to him alone,  
Who at each Blow gives present Death ) as one.

Streach'd by the *Forth*, I see the falling Host  
Look grim, and all their Glories in the Dust.

I see them seek to fly, yet fear the Flight,  
Too slow's the Vanquish'd, and the Victor swift.

Who with a small, but valiant Troop or Train,  
Like to himself, a Set of chosen Men,

Does from the (t) *Torwood*, like a Torrent seize,  
On Convoys, cut off Parties, and surprise

Defended Forts, fam'd Castles, foreign Crouds,  
And with his Handful, humble Multitudes.

[*Lennox turning to Bellona.*

*Len.* Say Divine Beauty, for you only best  
Know what is acted in the Azure West.

*Bel.* Hear me my Lords, and may the list'ning Spheres,  
Joyn their amazing Melody to ours,

While Heaven itself, harrangues the Heroe's Praise,  
And all the Fates conjunctly joyn their Lays,

I Arm with airy Thunder every God,  
And charm'd your Champion with the Choice of Blood.

If then his Name, at Ninety Miles (u) Recess,  
Be such a Terror, who can truly guess

The Watchman's Horror, having just now said,  
All's well, and round the Wall the Words convey'd,

Scarce e're a scanty Light gives him a Glance,

Of

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(f) Sixteen Summers] *i. e.* He began his open Campaigns  
at 16 Years of Age.

(t) *Torwood* at Falkirk, Sir William's beloved Sanctuary,  
which he had so fortified, that no Army was of Force to attempt  
any Thing against him there, and in this, as a Watch-Tower, he  
attended and observed the Enemy's Motions, making Sallies out,  
as the Circumstance required.

(u) Recess may either be the Distance of Time or Place, and  
is here applied to Miles.

Of (x) *Albion's* Lyon leaning on Defence,  
 But ah ! a killing Prospect, purple Plumes,  
 And under these a godlike Hero glooms.  
 A stiffling Sulphure now ascends the Rock,  
 And all the Heaven around's a running Smoke ;  
 Fire, Sword, and swarthy Darkness sweep each Dome,  
 As daring *English* dive in every Flame,  
 Who hear him order all to Death but *Scots*,  
 And see his Sentence streaming to their Throats ;  
 For here no Ransom can remove his Wrath,  
 Nor Gold of *Opher* operate like Death.

And now, my Lords, the *Saxons* on each Side,  
 Are all attending on the Wind and Tide.  
 Yea rather will they trust the troubled Main,  
 Than thrice three Bulworks betwixt him and them.

*Rby.* A certain Truth.—Hear how the Trumpet sounds  
 His crackling Conquests round the coloured Grounds,  
 “ As when red Thunder stricks the rattling Clouds,  
 “ And runs throu' Regions of retiring Floods.  
 “ Flashes of Lightning, follow'd by a Train  
 “ Of reverse Matter, rends the reeling Plain,  
 “ So's at a Distance the descending Dart,  
 “ Through ambient *Æther*, burns and boils a Part.  
 Even so the Heaven-born Heroe heads his Troops,  
 And leads his Legions on like Thunder Claps.

*Montr.* Say reverend Father, whether shall his Fame  
 Ascend, or center in the Dust with him.

*Rby.* Know Son, the first fam'd Oracle I gave,  
 When he (y) in *Air* possess'd an ugly Cave,

Bat-

(x) *Albion's* Lyon rampant, with two Swords, bears for  
 Motto, In Defence.

(y) *Air.* ] A Town in the West of Scotland, where *Sir*  
*William*, after a great Slaughter, by the Weight of his Harness,  
 and breaking of his Sword, was overpower'd and imprisoned,  
 and from thence, when cast out for dead, did, by the Industry of  
 his old Nurse, recover, and revenge the Death of his Father and  
 Brother at Lowdon-Hill, on Fenwick the English General,  
 and being in all successful, ere his Army exceeded 50 in Num-  
 ber, he foils diverse English Hosts, and as his Adherents in-  
 creased, so did his Conquests.



attling alone, till once his burnish'd Brand,  
 and bloody Steel, broke by his bleeding Hand,  
 Was, That his Fame should far surpass his Day,  
 and, in all Ages, shape its shining Way.

[ *A Sound of Trumpets, and in the Interval, a Drum  
 beating the Scots March,——Ding Down, &c,*  
 out ha, a Sound of Trumpets, Sough of Drums,  
 The Scots March thunders, and the Heroe comes;  
 He comes, *Bellona* let the Croud retire,  
 and youthful Princes only stay to hear.

[ *The Courier and Rhymer remove*

*Enters Sir William Wallace, looking sternly round him.*

*Wal.* While a vast Army of embattled Scots,  
 Near to *Edina*, cut their Kindreds Throats.  
 And woeful Inhumanities abound,  
 In every Corner of a corrupt Land;  
 The Son the Father sees and sullen grows,  
 That these his Off-spring, should appear his Foes.  
 The which, while he endeavours to reclaim,  
 The Parent is by his Production slain.  
 While Scots and *English* Ensigns are unite,  
 And at the same Time, still an Opposite.  
 Are there no Saxons here.——Shew me the Men,  
 For Death's the Ransom that's reserv'd for them.

*Len.* We're not of *England*, but the old Empire,  
 Of *Caledonia*, now in Clouds of Fire,  
 Call'd here for Counsel, and concern'd to know,  
 How aged *Albion* entertains the Foe.

*Wal.* Like as (z) the Earth around its Axes rolls,  
 And softly turns itself between the Poles.  
 Or as the Chariot Wheel does swiftly run,  
 Its Spakes each Moment moving up and down,

Even

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(z) *Meaning, the Earth by turning, and the Wheel by  
 running, which Part of either is upmost at one Time, is instant-  
 ly undermost; so the Scots being fallen, must consequently rise,  
 and the English being already up, must in Course, be the first that  
 will fall.*

Even so our Fortune's to receive a Fall,  
And in the rising to recover all.

*Montr.* A Miracle, my Lord, that we should mount  
So high, that's lain so long below the (a) Font.

*Wal.* Think not, because *Gargunmock's* broken down,  
*Kingleaven's* burnt, and *Crawford* Castle win,  
Three Times Ten Thousand by my Troops o'erthrown  
That *Albion* is possess'd of Half her own.

Yea, not one Quarter, when the Question comes,  
To what she borders on, or where she bounds.  
The Orient East is under *Aymer's* Power,  
And in the West Lord *Percy's* proud to rule,  
All North from *Forth*, is form'd Lord *Spewart's* Lands,  
And to the South, old *Heslrig* commands,  
And thus the bloody Conquerors divides,  
What they obtain'd not by their Bows, but Bribes.

Rise Kinsmen, rise, your Country's in a Flame,  
Your Females ravish'd, and your Fathers slain;  
Your Towns Unpeopl'd, and your Traitors drunk  
With Blood, your Bulworks in the Battles sunk;  
Rise and revenge your slaughter'd Friends, or share  
In all the Chances of a charging War.

How fatally secure are they who sit,  
With Flames above, and Fagots under Foot,

——— Gods! now I fear the fair *Edina* burns,  
And *Albion's* Empire to an Ember turns.

The Stage below us feels the streaming Heat,  
And gushing Crimson gleams from (b) *Arthur-Seat*.

[ *Drawing his Sword*

Rise Fathers, rise, or here resign that Clay,  
Which knows no Action, but an old Delay.  
What ever Man could do, by me is done,  
And still the Warfare is not well begun.

*Len.* If you, Sir, call us to the *Grampion* Woes,  
Then is not only *Lennox*, but *Montrose*,

Ready

(a) Below the Font, *that is, under Water as we used to say.*

(b) *Arthur-Seat, a Hill in the Suburbs of Edinburgh.*

ready to follow wheresoe'er you'll lead,  
and in your Service sacrifice their Blood.

*Wal.* Pardon my former Folly, and forget  
What flow'd from Passion or prevailing Heat,  
Which hitherto has been a Help to marr  
an Host of Heroes consecrate to War,  
While you the wiser Worthies only wait  
To arm for Action when your All's at Stake,  
and awfull *Edward*, in his Ire, commands  
Twice Thirty Thousand over *Solway* Sands,  
Big with the Hopes of having once before  
Drunk up our Blood, and suck'd our streaming Gore.  
Yet, ere he enter *Bigger*, 'tis our best  
To joyn the Fragment of our friendly Host.

*Enters Clarona hastily, crying.*

*Cla.* Help, help, my Lords, O help a harmless Maid,  
Who pleads Compassion, and does pant for Aid.

*Wal.* Why does the charming Fair at first complain,  
and sigh for what does to her Sex pertain,  
O lovely Miss,

Why is your Eyes disorder'd, and your Face  
Like to the purple Violet in the Vale,  
Or like the Saffron in its Season pale,

A sudden Change. ———— Oft have I seen these Treats  
Like Alabaster, and like Blood your Cheeks.

*Cla.* Old (a) *Heslrig* has slaughter'd all my Kin,  
and next would force me to betroath his Son,  
My *Lanerk* Lover, ——— O, I loath that Bed,  
From whence I shall behold my Brother dead,  
Drest in his Grave-Clothes, constantly to range,  
And staring o'er me, echo out Revenge.

*Wal.* A killing Sight indeed, to see a Ghost,  
and that of your own Brother is the worst; But

(c) *Heslrig*, who resided at *Lanerk*, having slain the Heir  
of *Lammingtoun*, Brother to *Clarona Braidfoot*, she does  
thereby become Heiress, and while *Heslrig* is about to force her  
to marry his Son (whom she hated) she makes Choice of the  
Scotts Champion, for which she was some Years after slain at  
*Heslrig's* Command, as hereafter.

But fear not, Fairest, the Offender's Wrath;  
 You're safe with us, and he's as sure of Death;  
 So shall their *Edward* in his Armour quake,  
 And fly or die for fair *Clarona's* Sake.

—— Do not you mind, fair Maid, in yonder Glen;  
 When first we met as you march'd up the Plain,  
 My Speech was lost, the Spear fell from my Hand,  
 And off my Head-piece flew upon the Sand,  
 While you, no Stranger to my strong Surprise,  
 Soon sent an Answer to it from your Eyes,  
 A wishful Look.

O were I but as happy's when you broke  
 Your Silence with a Sigh, and smiling said,  
*Great Sir, are you enchanted by a Maid,*  
 No more should *Edward's* Armies be my Aim  
 To conquer, but encourage every Flame.

—— What have I said, must then that Self-defence,  
 The Law of Nature, be extruded hence?  
 No, no, I'll love, and at that same Time lead  
 My Legions on, that I in Love may speed.

*Gla.* I thank you, Sir, for the sincere Esteem  
 You have of me, who is a Match too mean  
 To be your married Wife, but, if I may,  
 I'm proud to serve you in an honest Way,  
 And I'm perswaded you will ne'er propose  
 What would be my Discredit in the Close.

—— Protect me therefore from the present Storm,  
 And do your Servant no unseemly Harm.

*Wal.* I must confess that does include the Whole  
 Of what's Ingrafted in a generous Soul;  
 For, more than monstrous would the Mortal prove,  
 To force such Virtues, and give Lust for Love.

—— Come then thou fairest of the female Race;  
 Pride of the Day, and Dawn of every Grace;  
 Come swiftly, come, fly to his circling Arms,  
 Who holds you henceforth on these honour'd Terms,  
 To live and die divoted to your Faith,  
 And, Heaven avert it, to revenge your Death.

[*Exeunt, Wallace leading Clarona*

SCENE



SCENE II. *changed to Lanerk Hall.*

*Perfide qui agit, sibi perditionem machinatur.*

*Who glories in another's Grief,  
Is Author of his own Mischief.*

*Enters Wallace, Lennox and Montrose.*

Val. **W**HAT Noise is this, — I hear a humane Shout;  
A Female Tongue in Trouble crying out,  
Who dying says, *Adieu my only All,*  
Of Death must part us, I'm prepar'd to fall.  
O little knows he that I'm cloath'd with Blood,  
My Breast all Crimson, and my Garments red,  
While with my last Breath I invite the Powers,  
And in their Presence vow I'm only yours.  
Hast, hast, Sir Malcom, soon to Lanerk run,  
For I'm in Terror till I know what's done.

[ Lennox giving a Bow, goes off  
without giving an Answer.

You may remember how I left my Wife  
Beset with Saxons, and involv'd in Strife,  
And who is certain that she is not slain  
For helping (a) us, and thereby harming them.

Montr. If so, great Sir, you must submit the Cause  
To him who gave us Breath and bounding Laws;  
For, see where Lennox at his Leasure comes,  
With down cast Eyes, pale Looks, and loursing Plumes,  
He bears a Message that would more than melt  
A Mountain down, or move a stony Heart.

*Enter's*

(a) *Sir William and his Worthies having slain a great many  
English in Lanerk, when like to be over-winged by Numbers,  
by his Wife, let in at a Garden Door, and escapes.*

*Enters Lennox looking down.*

*Wal.* Your very Aspect does instruct my Fear,  
And tells me fair *Clarona* is no more ;  
I ask no further than by whom she's slain.

*Len.* By (b) *Heslrig* and his inhumane Train.

*Wal.* Tell me you Sibyls of this Age, when shall  
The Souls below the sacred Altar call  
(Who guiltless died, and by their dying rose )  
For Satisfaction on their *Saxon* Foes.

————— Awake my fair *Clarona* and complain,  
Or, to my Wishes, wake to Life again.  
Ten Thousand Victims to your virtuous Ghost  
Already covers the *Elisian* Coast ;  
For *England* only can expedite the Guilt,  
By whom the Essence of our Blood is spilt.  
How mournful is my Marriage-Bed become,  
Where I no more can hear *Clarona's* Tongue.  
No more, amidst thir Elements of War,  
She now sits by me in the Battle-Car ;  
Nor from wide Death, with a discerning Eye,  
Longs for the Victor, more than Victory.  
*Clarona* is no more. ————— In Innocence,  
She dy'd without designing an Offence.

Just such another's (c) *Air*, where eighteen Score  
Of *Albion's* Barrons was betray'd before ;  
And under Parly of a Peace, apart  
Hung Back to Back, and hang'd without Desert.  
For these, and many other Wrongs, I vow,  
The *Saxons* need no more for Mercy shew,

Unle

---

(b) *Heslrig*, in Revenge that *Clarona* had rejected his Son  
and that she had rescued her Husband and his Friends, order  
her to be slain, which was instantly done.

(c) At a Convention for Peace at *Air*, 360 Scots Nobles  
were treacherously slain by the English, being called in one  
by one, entrap'd in a Snare and hang'd, while the Heroe was  
occasionally absent.

Unless it be a Woman, Child, or Priest;  
No Rate nor Ransom shall redeem the Rest.

*Montr.* Great Sir, your Servants in your Suf' rings share,  
Yet nothing's desperate that we need despair.  
Tho' fair *Claronia* now no more does fly,  
In *Indian Silks*, and *Shades of Tyrian Dye*.  
No more she is, and yet there does remain,  
What in some Measure mitigates the Pain,  
(d) To wit, the Wretch that did unwisely kill,  
Does by your all-victorious Arms defile  
The Streets of *Lanerck*, where his lifeless Host,  
Are dash'd in Pieces, and on *Dung-hills* cast.  
Nor was our (e) *Air*; without its own Revenge,  
Witness Six Thousand in the scatter'd Flames.  
These, these, my Lord, me thinks, should help to calm  
The late long Tempest, and allay the Storm.

*Wal.* But what are these, to all the Friends we've lost;  
Or of what other Conquests can we boast.

*Len.* Yea, many Hundreds moe at *Bigger* fell,  
To your Remembrance, if you'll but recal,  
How Sixty Thousand *Saxons* thither sought,  
For Empire, and enjoy'd it not a Night,  
Led by the Earl of *Kent*, and *England's King*,  
When your Camp only was Nine Thousand strong.  
Did not your self, before the fatal Day,  
And Field of Battle, all their Force survey,  
And on the Morrow after, undisguis'd,  
With thrice three Thousand, all their Host surpris'd?  
Did not you bear the King's Pavilion down,  
And underneath it slay his Second Son?  
His Brother *Hugh*, Three Nephews, *Westmoorland*,  
And *Berwick* Captains bleed below your Hand.

C

But

(d) *Heslrig*, who slew Sir William's Wife, was himself,  
with 8000, slain by Wallace and his Worthies that Night.

(e) *Air*.] Where, in Revenge of the murder'd Scots, Wallace,  
under Night, set Fire to the English Quarters, and burnt to the  
Number of 7000 in the Town and Castle; and from thence march-  
ing to Glasgow, he assaulted and slew Lord Percy, with 900 Men.

But that which most augments the Monarch's Woe,  
His Sister's Son, great *Kent's* kill'd at a Blow.  
His Treasures rest, and his Provision lost,  
Nor has he whereon to sustain his Host.

Lord *Picard* falls, while Forty Thousand flies,  
And in the Conflict half as many dies.  
And must all these, my Lord, be reason'd down,  
Because we only (f) err'd to Day unknown.

*Wal.* When had we such a joyful Time before,  
To see whole Armies of them end in Gore.

*Montr.* Not eight Months after, as the Sages spoke,  
A Year of Tempest, Famine, Fire and Smoke,  
When sixty Thousand Foot and Horse o'er *Tweed*,  
Was train'd to *Stirling*, with intended Speed.  
Whom *Warran's* Lord, (g) and *Kirkinghame* commands  
Nor can our *Albions* scarce escape their Hands ;  
But lo, amidst their Mirth, and *Malcolm's* Fear,  
You with ten Thousand on the distant Shore  
I saw, and heard your Heraulds martial Words,  
Hear me you Saxons, and unsheath your Swords ;  
For on the Morrow, ere the Sun is hot,  
Our Heroe will this Heritage dispute,  
As was agreed to, and the *Grampian* Power,  
Unprop'd the Bridge ere they had pass'd o'er.  
Not known to any, till the *English* March  
Their wide Battalion's on the wooden Arch ;  
And there Six Standards, where they thickest stood,  
Fell from the broken Bridge into the Flood;  
While those who had surpass'd the secret Train,  
Are drown'd in *Forth*, or on the Fields ly slain.

(f) Err'd to Day. ] Meaning their Oversight, in not taking  
along with them Sir William's Wife.

(g) *Kirkinghame*, King Edward's Treasurer, who was sent  
with an Army of 60000 to subvert Scotland, and first besiege  
*Stirling* Castle, where he was engaged by the Guardian, who  
had weakned the Bridge, so that it broke by the one Half had giv'n  
over, and these either driven back into *Forth* and drown'd, or  
cut in Pieces on the Field; so they lost 30000 in all, with *Kirk-*  
*ingham* their General, while Lord *Warran*, with his forlorn  
Hope, fled home.



*Wal.* I know their King, for all his cruel Boasts,  
By harming us, has lost a hundred Hosts;  
But then the Bloodshed is to our Expence,  
Who die all guiltless in our own Defence.  
Their Crimes procure their Fall, while we must grieve,  
And suffer Death, because we seek to live.  
And now the Coast being clear, let us prevent  
Their *Edward's* Inroads, by the like Descent  
On his Dominions, while the *English* dote,  
And former Wrongs awake the warlike *Scot*.  
For lo, in *Rosin Moor*, in martial Dress,  
Twice Twenty Thousand Shields of shining Brass,  
Bore by their *Albion* Owners, all convene,  
To pay the *English* back in burning Coin. [Exeunt.

*The End of the Third ACT.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The English repay'd in their own Coin, by the Scots Hero.*

SCENE chang'd to *Avan-well* in *Richmond-Shire*.

*Victoris spoliis & sectionibus onusti, trophæo erecto, ovantes & pœana canentes, cum triumpho domum redeunt.*

*The Victor, load with Booty, Spoil,  
A Monument or martial Pyle,  
As Relicks of the War, erects,  
To shew that Conquest is complex;  
And with a joyful Shout or Song,  
Bears the triumphant Tidings home.*

*Enters King Edward, Woodstock, and Vallange.*

*King.* **W**HILE unadverted War invades the Rose,  
And each Day's pregnant with repeated Woes.  
While all the North of *England's* in a Flame,  
You need not that I tell you each Extreme.

Who knows the Cause for what we are to Day  
 Conven'd, or rather call'd from this away.  
*Wallace* has left his *Air*, no more he looks  
 On (a) *Irvine's* Streams, or *Clyde's* unconstant Brooks;  
 No more he climbs the *Grampian* Hill, to gaze  
 O'er *Forth*, and follow where he sees a Blaze;  
 But (b) *Trent* and *Humber* are his only Hopes,  
 When boiling over with *Britania's* Troops.  
 The *Scots*, to whom we've been so long a Scourge,  
 Do with Advantage; now revenge the Grudge  
 They justly bear us for their Brethren slain,  
 So oft unwisely in old *Caledon*:

Crowds arm'd with Thunder on the *Saxon* throngs,  
 And twice ten Thousand thinks on former Wrongs;  
 For, by these Worthies, Wonders are perform'd,  
 Bulworks burnt down, and boordly Castles storm'd.  
 A red Revange! Shall we their Rage evite,  
 By proffering Battle, or for Peace entreat?

*Val.* Fathers, I wish some Forces could be got,  
 To set short Boundings to the burning *Scot*;  
 Which may be easy done, if you'll declare  
 Your Royal Purpose to pursue the War.

(c) *Northumberland* shall now, to his Surprise,  
 With *York-Shire*, in their yellow Armour, rise;  
 Yea, Thousands more shall on the Marches meet,  
 To close him in, and cut off his Retreat.  
 Who, tho' he kills a Knight at ev'ry Stroke,  
 Shall find a Host of Heroes for the Work.  
 And then, and not till then, can we pretend  
 To be in Peace possess'd of what we gain'd.

*King.* You only conquer here, because you know  
 Not Mankind in this Mansion-House below;

For

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(a) *Irvine and Clyde.* ] Two Rivers in the West of Scotland.

(b) *Trent and Humber.* ] Two Rivers in the North of England.

(c) *Northumberland.* ] (Tho' now possess'd by *Mungrels*)  
 did then properly belong to the *Scots*; and from it, the *Heir apparent*  
 had his Title; as they of England from *Wales*.

For we're not safe, should that unsettled Fire,  
Which burns the North, break in on *Richmond Shire*.  
The Counties mention'd are no more the same,  
Each Town's a Tomb to its Possessors slain.  
Thousands in *Milton*, with *Ralph Reymond* dies,  
And *Morton's* Host no more pretends Surprise.  
Yea, all's in Ashes, and the Embers spread  
Themselves from *Avan-well* to *Albion Tweed*.

On either Hand of *York*, (d) three Leagues in Length,  
And thrice that Circuit have abandon'd Strength.  
And now we hear, he's in the neighbouring Stead,  
(e) *Febew* at *Ramwatch*, with five Hundred dead.  
No Ransom saves, since we determin'd War,  
While he lay off, and I lookt on afar,  
Full Forty Days, and now the Date's surpass'd,  
Battle or Peace, my Lords, what hold you best.

*Wood*. Great Sir, I see not a sufficient Power,  
We have at present to oppose the War:  
Nor want we Numbers to unite in one,  
But then they are not all to fight but run.  
Raw Soldiers never will suffice to quell,  
Those who are from their Cradles clad in Mail;  
Born Heroes from the Womb, who wax in Gore,  
And grow in Blood, ere they be half a Score.  
And therefore is it I can never yield,  
To hazard *England* in a hopeless Field;  
Where, if we fall, our Fortune's ne'er to rise.  
And if we're Gainers, where's the *Grampian Prize*.

*King*,

(d) *York City* being closely shut up by the Guardian, endeavouring Surprise, and having thereby lost *Morton* their General, and his Army, they importune the Conquerour to accept of Five Thousand Pounds for their Liberty: They also send him Provisions for his Host, and consent to set the Scots Banner on their Walls, in Testimony, that they were willing to surrender at his Return, if required.

(e) *Febew* ] Was one of King Edward's Nephews, and younger Brother to him of that Name whom Wallace slew on *Tinto-Hill*.

*King.* We all acknowledge what the Patriot's said,  
Is the most proper Method to evade  
A powerful Foe, by pleading his own Terms,  
That we may after train our Men to Arms.  
But where's the Humane, who will undertake,  
To commune with him for his Country's Sake,  
Seeing he only seeks to slay our Kin:  
This is a Subject to be thought upon.

*Enters the Queen of England with two Maries.*

*Queen.* While you beg Peace from this prevailing War,  
What Saxon is he dares the Message bear,  
And yet my Lords, our Sex does oft resort  
To Reason with him, not receiving Hurt.  
Who, tho' he does not on our Words rely,  
Yet shall my Travel be no less to try,  
If he'll, for once, at my Intreaties, turn  
His Back on what he is about to burn.

*Wood.* A noble Thought, now shall a numerous Train  
Of your Admirers, welcome you again.  
Go Madam, go address the *Grampian* Power,  
And pull your own Possessions from the Fire.  
The Court requires it, and the Country round,  
Expects a Balsom for a burning Wound,  
So may your Virtue have no other Vail,  
Than that of Success swinging under Sail.

*King.* A killing Project, what can she do more,  
Than fly her Husband, to be found a Whore?  
For, who can e're imagine her Design  
Is Liberty, and not a Love Campaign?

*Queen.* No, Sovereign Sir, I only seek the Well  
Of all my Subjects, tho' you me revile.  
Nor is the Heroe, whom you hate, so base,  
As to be Author of a Queen's Disgrace.  
But conscious Guilt, makes you accuse the Man  
Who pays whate'er he owes you, Flame for Flame.

*[She goes off with a Frown.]*

*[A Drum at a Distance beating the Scots March.]*

*King.* I've been too hasty to reprove her Choice  
In such a Manner, What means all this Noise?

The



The *Albion* comes, I hear the Sound *Ding* down,  
Quick, let us hence, or that will soon be done.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enters Sir William, with Lennox and Montrose, his two  
Worthies.*

*Wal.* Hear me you Captains of the *Grampian* Host,  
All Semi-Sovereigns of the *Saxon* Coast;  
It is now nine Months since we left our Land,  
To be improv'd by each laborious Hand;  
And what Reception we have had from those,  
With whom we reckon'd, or remain'd as Foes,  
Your selves are only Subjects to declare,  
While my Resolves are to relate the War;  
For not one's lost, that came with us along,  
And now our Army's forty Thousand strong.  
A strange Increase, nor was there all the While,  
One Hour of Day, wherein we did not kill;  
So that three Counties, each in three Months Space,  
Fell, as it fortun'd, with a flaming Face.  
Where none's to quench it, for their King delays  
To give us Battle, as he promis'd twice.  
And conscious of his own declining Power,  
Does therefore keep the (f) Capital in Fear.  
Let's thither turn our Arms, as to the Mark  
We are to come at, ere we close the Work;  
For, by the Consternation they are in,  
I do not think it will be hard to win.

[*He goes away.*

*Enters the Queen of England, usher'd by Woodstock and  
Vallange disguis'd like two Priests, and attended with two  
Maries. Infanta supposing Sir Malcolm to be the General,  
kneels. He raises her up, and addresses her thus,*

*Len.* Madam, our Horoe is not present now,  
Nor is it proper that a Princess bow

To

(f) The Capital. ] To wit, London, where the Court and  
Country People cruded together, as not thinking themselves safe  
any where else.

To any here ; but if your Highness want  
Our Chiftain, I'll conduct you to his Tent,  
Where never yet a *Saxon* safely trode ;  
But you're a *Gaul*, and therefore may make bold.

*Queen.* Your Godlike Heroe, and the *Grampian* Host,  
Is what I long to fee, and see I must ;  
For, as a Female of the Blood of *France*,  
I am protected by my Innocence.

[ *Lennox and Infanta remove.*

[ *After a Pause, one of the Queen's  
Maries aside to Montrose.*

*Mary.* Why stays *Infanta* in the Field so long,  
Heavens save the Princess from a shameful Wrong.  
We are impatient, and we wish there may  
Be no rude Action under this Delay.

*Montr.* No, no, fair Lady, there is no Constraint  
On any Female of a *French* Descent ;  
For now I hear, they come to let us know  
What she's reported to our Well or Woe.

*Re-enters Sir William leading the Queen.*

*Re-enters Lennox.*

*Wal.* How love you, Madam, our embattl'd Power,  
You had a Prospect of from *Avon* Tower.  
What is your Message here, is it to beg  
A longer Day, or dare us to proceed ?  
How does your *Edward* relish the Return  
We make him, as we march along to burn ?  
Was he in better Temper when there stood,  
In all the Bosses of his Buckler Blood ?  
We ask no further than a full Campaign,  
That all the Sparkles of our Crown may shine.

*Queen.* As to the First, I think your Army stands  
On Officers, and not on o'er-lay (g) Bands ;

Nor

---

(g) O'erlay Bands, are such as the Swiss, who make but  
a poor Appearance, being, as we use to say, At their own  
Hands, and thereby charge many Masters.

Nor can I think them altogether good,  
 Who is so often interlin'd with Blood.  
 Which, when it ends, must have this one Effect,  
 To gain less Envy, and much more Respect.  
 Peace is the Message whereon I am sent,  
 And Peace is all the Property we want.  
 Grant us that Peace, for which we do implore  
 The Gods above, and *Gramscians* to restore:  
 As each are equal Sharers in the Plea,  
 May both alike, be earnest to agree.

No more our *Edward* entertains Empire;  
 But craves an Answer from you not by Fire.  
 He blames bad Counsel for the Bloody Course,  
 And knows no other Object than remorse.  
 Who, tho' his Power's sufficient to regain  
 All *England* ending in a Fun'ral Flame,  
 Yet waits on Purpose, that you may propose  
 The Terms whereon you are resolv'd to close;  
 In Hopes thereafter you'll from burning cease,  
 Till he's serv'd out his Pilgrimage in Peace.

*Wal.* Madam, we do not equal One to Ten,  
 As yet, of what the *English* Army's slain  
 Of our Ancestors, at no other Rate,  
 Than that they only sought to seize our State.  
 Not all the Gold of *Ophir* could retrace  
 One *Scot* from Death, or give him Days to live:  
 Therefore I will not that your Sovereign change,  
 From War to Peace, till we can prove Revenge,  
 Who beg no more but Battle, tho' you boast  
 Of many Legions in your ling'ring Host.

*Queen.* Peace is the best, if it can be procur'd  
 On Terms where neither Party is injur'd;  
 For, as we're Christians, so ought Kindred move,  
 Each Heart from Hatred, to a harmless Love.  
 Receive us therefore as your selves to Day,  
 And *England* shall for ever after pray  
 For those in general who adjourn'd the War,  
 And out of Pity to us did forbear.

*Wal.* Forc'd Prayers, fair Lady, never will refund,  
 The Wrongs receiv'd, nor give us real Ground

To

To think compell'd Devotion can succeed  
In doing Evil, or designing Good.

Yea, ere they reach to Heaven or Hell, we hope  
To make your Monarch pay for every Drop  
Of guileless Blood: For why, the *Grampian War*,  
Begun by *Edward*, has broke out so far.

" At *Alexander's* Death, the Dread of *Thanes*,

" And last of all, the Off-spring of Three Kings,

" Our Land for Four Years Space knew no Deceit,

" By its Laws govern'd, and its Guardians great,

" Till two contending Parties broke the Peace,

" Led by false *Balliol*, and the famous *Bruce*.

" While *English Edward*, by our ancient States,

" Is plac'd as *Umpire*, to appease Debates;

" Yet acts with so much Cunning, that they know

" Not whom he favours, nor to whom he's Foe,

" Till, by their own immediate Factions, soon,

" They're both exalted, and at once undone.

" Then was the *Saxon* Lord of all the Coast,

" Who slew our Fathers, and betray'd his Trust.

" In Prison too, long Time they famish'd me,

" Till Fate, and better Fortune set me free,

" To be the swift Revenger on his Kin,

" Of all the Blood-shed that's about his Throne.

" Yea further, Madam, what I must regrave,

" Is my *Clarena's* Death, who dying said,

" May not your Eyes have Pity or Repose,

" Till you're reveng'd on your invidious Foes.

" And 'mongst the many Murderers you slay,

" Let not this one old *Heslrig* away,

" Who's been the Butcher of your bleeding Spouse,

" And in so doing, you discharge your Vows.

Then rang'd I *Forth*, in Travel, War and Pain,

Till we redeem'd Part of our own again;

Which Success, so alarm'd the *Saxon* God,

That all your Cut-Throats gave a Cry for Blood;

And this the Result was of all their Schemes,

Against our Princes, Nobles, Barons, *Thanes*,

To profer Peace, which they proclaim'd at *Air*,

And under Safety, slaughter'd Eighteen Score.

And



And would you, Madam, have me to desist  
From what is only due to our Deceast.

No, my *Clarena's* Corps shall ne'er sojourn  
From my Remembrance, till I reach her Urn.

*Queen.* Alas! Sir *William*, all the Wrath remains  
On us, that e'er was pour'd on perjur'd Swains.  
Wo worth the Time, that *Heslrig* was heard  
To breath, or ever in this Age appear'd,  
For this one Action has cost *England* dear,  
And still hot Vengeance hums in every Ear.  
But ought not Love to be repay'd to those  
Who voluntarily do embrace their Foes,  
Such is my Claim, I came without Constraint,  
And here I'm present, where I was not sent;  
Yea, nought could stay me, tho' to my Expence,  
A ling'ring Peace be made a Love Pretence;  
For, should the *Grampian* Heroe her gain-say,  
Whose Condescention is well known to Day,  
I'll for your Sake, at *London*, suffer Scorn,  
And be rejected when I do return.

But, on the Contrair, if you'll cloath that Stain  
With lasting Peace, to purchase lasting Fame,  
Ten Thousand Pounds of Gold shall grace your State,  
And I'll be prais'd, tho' my Presumption's great.

*Wal.* If you (fair Lady) still in Fancy burn,  
The Fault lyes only in a faint Return.

But that was not the Cause you hither sought,  
For what's already yours, needs not be bought.

'Tis rather Flattery, than a fair Exchange,  
That bears a Title over two Extremes;

Yet for your Sake, who's of a *French* Decent,  
This far in Favour of your Friends I grant,  
Their Heraulds henceforth to rehearse my Peace,  
And if your Court conform thereto I'll cease.

[*Infanta in a musing Strain.*]

What now *Infanta*, why is Fortune mute,  
And all your Senses subject to Debate?

Do you reflect, because I did not frame  
A Form of Peace peculiar to your Claim,

Which

Which your false King, would craftily confound,  
And plainly say, he knew of no such Bond ?

*Queen.* No, no, Sir *William*, I in Silence blush,  
To think I cannot thankfully express  
Each singular Obligation, whereby we  
Are all indebted to that one Decree.  
To render Good for Evil is divine,  
And this dear Motto makes your *Morals* shine.  
So may the Postscript now in Pity fall,  
On a late Error, which endangers all.

*Wal.* Your Words amaze me, what does Error mean.

*Queen.* Grant a Remission to these Martial Men.

*Wal.* I freely do it, who are they dares use,  
Such Rudeness in a reverend Father's Cloaths,

*Queen.* *Woodstock* and *Ajmer*, Sir, with ample Power,  
To treat, and by the Treaty to restore,  
What e'er, in Honour, you can ask or crave,  
For so our Council charg'd them to behave.

[ *Wallace turning to Woodstock.*

*Wal.* Chancellor, Say on what you demand of me.

*Wood.* I plead for Peace, if it can purchas'd be,  
By thrice Three Thousand Pounds of *Pern's* Store,  
For my Commission does include no more.

*Wal.* If that's your Charge, there's but one Chance for all,  
(Gold's not engaging, tho' our Gain be small )  
So choose ye whether you'll repair to Arms,  
Or purchase Peace on *Caledonia's* Terms,  
Which are, That all our Forts and fenced Towns,  
And all and whole, of whatsoe'er pertains  
To us, in the same Order as of old,  
Without Delay, be decently restor'd.  
I further challenge *Bruce* our native Prince,  
*Cumine*, *Corispatrik*, and whom ever since  
You gain'd by Cunning, or confin'd in Goals,  
Such as young *Randal*, *Burhan*, *Lorn*, *Sauls* ;  
And these are all the Articles I claim,  
For without these, there can be nothing done,  
The ancient Law of *Albien* alters not,  
And therefore we discern without Dispute.

*Wood-*

*Wood.* 'Tis obvious from the Arguments you use,  
 You're positive in what you do propose,  
 Which, by an Order from the *English* Court,  
 We are directed to deliver up,  
 Save only this Objection does occur,  
 That *Bruce* is not now in the *British* Power,  
 But with (*h*) his Uncle *Glocester* remains  
 In *Calice* Castle, whom his Care confines.  
 Meanwhile, may this allay the present Storm,  
 And give your Army Orders to disarm.

[ *The Trumpet sounding.*      *Exeunt.*

*The End of the Fourth ACT.*

(*h*) *Bruce*, by his Mother, was Nephew to the Earl of  
*Glocester*, whom King *Edward* made Governour of *Calice*  
 Castle, in the Frontiers of France, and to his Care was the  
 young Prince committed, probably that *Edward* might pre-  
 tend, when demanded from him, that he was not in his  
 Power to deliver, and this Objection was inadvertently re-  
 ceived.



ACT



## ACT V. SCENE I.

CALEDON'S *Champion betrayed by his Friend Monteith,  
and butchered by Blood-thirsty Edward of England.*

SCENE *changed to Rutherglen.*

(*A Conspiracy against Wallace.*)

Aliis laudem & gloriam invideri solet.

*Cicero*

*They for their Virtues are envoy'd,  
To whom a Merit is apply'd.*

*Enters Cumine, Vallange, and Monteith, (Conspirators.)*

*Cam.* **T**O Day, ere in the East a dawning Star  
Appear'd to usher in *Hyperion's* Car,  
I knew some Meteor would this Morning blaze,  
On which the rude ungovern'd World would gaze,  
As if the Gods themselves, in humane Form,  
Were hast'ning downward to divert a Storm,  
While Fame in *William's* Favours triumphs o'er  
All our Endeavours to suppress his Power.

*Val.* I verily believe the Victor will,  
One Day or other, undermine us all,  
If Care and Cunning be not quickly us'd,  
And all his Projects presently oppos'd;  
But who is he, to whom we can impart,  
This one grand Secret which endangers Art.

*Monte.* A louring Vengeance, from the lower Verge  
Of Hell, shall hover o'er his Heritage,  
And in red Lightning, all its rapid Pales  
Discharge with Thunder at the Traitor's Heels,

Who



Who is so stupid, for a stated Hire,  
As in one *Wallace* to undo Empire:  
Yea, it is more than my Estate commands,  
To work such Wonders with unweapon'd Hands.

*Val.* Why so? — You shall have Gold, and what'er else  
You ask in Honour, under *Edward's* Seals,  
Who's set a Price upon the guilty Head  
Of him that's always shedding Christian Blood:  
Only observe where he's in Use to lurk,  
And we shall after undertake the Work.

*Monte.* I do acknowledge 'tis a sovereign Scene,  
Which shall be acted ere we meet again.  
But I would have you to remove from hence,  
Left, at his coming, we incur Offence.

[ *Vallance* exit,

*Enters Wallace with Earl Malcolm.*

*Wal.* Hail fellow Souldiers, whom a foreign War  
Has not yet tainted with an Wound or Scar;  
Who mock at Conquest, and contend at Home,  
To be more martial in their Mother's Womb,  
Than we who water'd *England* with the Blood  
Of her own Children, till it churn'd a Flood.  
Yea more, (a) two hundred Lords, a late Exile,  
At *Edward's* Mercy, from the martial Goal,  
Are sent to joyn us, whom they joynly trust,  
And sport themselves in Pairs before the Host.  
*Berwick* and *Roxburgh* Castles in Record,  
Are to their *Albion* Owners each restor'd.  
The Earth by Handfuls here affords us Grain,  
And all, save Envy, does enrich our Clime.

*Len.* I strange, Sir *William*, you're so far deceiv'd,  
As not to know the *Cumine*, that behav'd

With

(a) By the Articles of Peace, 200 Lords, 2000 Commons,  
with *Berwick* and *Roxburgh* Castles, are restored to the Heroes,  
who is bereupon env'y'd by the Conspirators, who conspired  
with his Friend *Monteith* to betray him.

With so much Malice, that the Monster fled  
 With twice five thousand, and his Friends betray'd  
 At (b) *Falkirk* Battle, by fair *Carron's* Banks,  
 Whereon an hundred thousand Foes encamps.  
 Is not this *Cumine*, who alone is damn'd,  
 When other Traitors are but tamely hang'd?

[Wallace looking sternly on Cumine.]

*Wal.* You Rebel, did you not betray your Lord,  
 And in the Noon of Battle sheath your Sword?  
 Did not you on that fatal Day foment  
 A Civil Discord, and design'dly rent  
 Our ready Power, which then appear'd to be  
 Three Times ten thousand usher'd in by three?  
 But you found Methods to divide our Force,  
 And gave each Leader an unlucky Course.

You fled, I stood, while faithful *Stewart* falls,  
 And still the *Saxon* from the Center calls  
 To battle on, while I broke through his Host,  
 And then,—Ah there! the conquering *Graham* was lost.  
 Bear me, ye Gods, to his unguarded Urn,  
 There to bemoan him, and no more return.  
 Or rather, to my Wishes, bear my Wrath,  
 In all its Wrinkles, to revenge his Death;  
 For now, alas, there is not one to claim  
 The many Conquests that's conferr'd on *Grabame*;  
 For half the Number that the *Norman* led,  
 Were furrow'd down to equal those that fled.  
 But what are all his Host to *Albion's* One,  
 The bold, the warlike, wise and worthy *Graham*.

Monteith

---

(b) *Falkirk.* ] Where *Edward's* Army was 100000 strong, and the Scots 30000, led by *Stewart of Bute*, *Wallace* and *Cumine*, which last advised *Bute* to contend with *Wallace* for the Van, whereupon *Wallace* stood off, *Cumine* fled, and *Bute* engaging was cut off. *Wallace*, after breaking through the English Host, by an accidental Stroke, loses Sir *John Graham*, the greatest Captain of his Time, *Wallace* excepted. The Scots lost in all 12000, and the English 50000, being after surprised and rooted by the *Guardian*.

[ Monteith aside to Sir William

*Monte.* For all that has been said to his Disgrace,  
He bears the Banter with a brazen Face.

*Wal.* You see for Certain, how I'm set at Nought  
By Traitors that I twice from Danger brought.  
Yet *Albion's* Heir, Great *Bruce*, has (c) bid me wait  
The First of *July*, for his Favour's Sake,  
On *Glasgow Moor*, and meet him there alone,  
Left any should discover our Design;  
And in Obedience thereto, my Abode  
Shall be a Cottage on the common Road.

*Monte.* I'm charm'd to hear with what an honest Soul  
You act; but still the Action's too obscure,  
Why may you not have one or moe to keep  
You from Surprisal when you are asleep.

I have a Sister's Son of Sixteen Years,  
Train'd from his Cradle to encounter Snares,  
Bold, wise and warlike, him I recommend  
To serve you wheresoever you demand.

*Wal.* I thank you, Sir, for the sincere Respect  
You show, — and, by Experience, I accept  
Of him, at *Reston*, where I do design  
To tarry, at the least-Expence of Time;  
For I'm uneasy till I once conceal  
My self from *Saxons*, — in the Shades, farewell.

[ *Exeunt.*

(c) Sir John hearing from Wallace that he design'd privately to attend his Prince's Arrival, urges him to accept of his Sister's Son as a Servant, out of pretended Kindness, but in Fact, that, by his Nephew's Information, he might betray him to the English, as he had undertaken.



D

SCENE

SCENE II. *changed to Reston.*( *Wallace betray'd.* )

————— Natura fœdere certo  
 Degeneras animas tenebris damnavit Averni. Sil,

*Nature, yea rather an unerring God,  
 Has by a firm Decree, and flaming Word,  
 Doom'd the Betrayer an eternal Cell,  
 Whose Designation is deserved Hell.*

*Enters Mungo and Sir John Monteith.*

*Mun.* **W**HILE I'm divoted to your vast Designs,  
 And *William's* Absence gives Obedience Wings,  
 I humbly hereby do your Hopes return  
 To their first Motions, and your Mind inform,  
 That *Albion's* Heroe will be here conceal'd,  
 Till *Albion's* Sovereign has himself reveal'd;  
 And now, or never, *Wallace* can be brought  
 To answer *England* for the Ills he's wrought.

*Monte.* Gods! there a glorious Change, a Champion lost,  
 By only giving Strangers too much Trust;  
 A Time for us to better our Abodes,  
 And save the *English* from severer Rods;  
 For he's been many Days a mighty Cloud  
 Of loursing Vengeance over *Edward's* Head,  
 And the first Mover that has marr'd the Sire  
 From moving forward to a fam'd Empire.  
 Only be sure he's first a sleeping Prey,  
 And next, that there's no Weapons in his Way;  
 For these, with Caution, you must calmly seize,  
 And that shall be the Signal to Surprise.

[ *Sir John exit.*

*Enters*



*Enters Sir William, who asks his Servant,*

*Wal.* Was any Mortal on this Moor to Day  
You was suspicious of to be a Spy,  
Or other Courier from our King exprefs,  
To signify he is in Search of us?

*Mun.* No, not so much as one of humano Shape  
Has come within the Compass of a Look.

*Wal.* I'm glad it fortun'd so, for I incline  
To sleep, and charges you to watch the Time  
When I'm endarger'd by the drowsy God,  
And laid supinely under Slumber's Rod.  
If then from any Airt you do perceive  
The Shape of Mankind moving up the Path,  
Be sure you let me know, before they reach  
The Roof with us, or are reveal'd by Speech;  
And this is all I ask you, on that Faith,  
To which you are united until Death.

*Mun.* It is not in the Power of Man to make  
Me fly my plighted Merits, or forsake  
These Resolutions, that so oft renews  
A Sacrifice of our most solemn Vows,  
Seal'd in the Hearing of the heavenly Host,  
And here on Earth, if broke, by all accurs'd.

*Wal.* I know you are ingenious in the Main,  
And my Repose shall be the more serene.

[ *Sir William (suspecting no Deceit) lays himself  
down in a sleeping Posture, with his Weapons by  
his Side; at which Mungo makes up to him, and  
finding him asleep, first seizes his Arms, and then  
says to himself,*

*Mun.* Now sleep for ever there, for now's the Time  
To still a Conscience that's a common Sting.  
How will the Saxon silverize his Death,  
And give a Pension to each poor Monteth.  
For Edward, by this one untimely Nap,  
Is Heir to more than England could effect.

[ *Exit.*

*Enters a female Spectrum, supposed to be Clarona, who, moving round him at a Funeral Pace, addresses him thus,*

*Spect.* Gods ! here a mighty Prize, oppress'd with Dreams,  
As Rebel Thunder rattles round his Plumes.  
Awake old *Albion's* Angel to her Aid,  
Who, by your Servant, with your self's betray'd;  
For lo, the Traitor comes in whom you trust,  
And by whose Treason all your Travel's lost.  
Awake my *Lanerk* Lover, quickly wake,  
Or sleep for ever as you undertake;  
For so I find his Fate to be secure,  
Who to all Dangers gives a deaf'ning Ear.  
Awake Sir *William*, now awake on Earth,  
Or, to my Wishes, on the Wings of Death,  
Where you, ere long, shall soar thro' lasting Spheres,  
To an eternal Date of dawning Years.  
And thus *Clarona* calls you from the Clay,  
To joy'n an endless unexhausted Day.

[ *The Spectrum disappears.*

*Enters the Conspirators, at which Wallace awakes.*

*Wal.* I fancy'd, in my Sleep, I heard one cry,  
Trust not these Traitors, but awake or dy;  
And sure the Signal was *Clarona's* Ghost.  
But what are ye ? The Gleanings of an Host !

[ *Searching in vain for his Arms, they run off, and he adds,*

Where's now my Weapons, and the woeful Wretch  
I left with all my Armour on the Watch.  
Has he absented ? No, he's rather slain,  
I hear a Tumult, and the Tongues of Men.

*Enters Sir John Monteith with a false Information.*

*Monte.* Woes me, Sir *William*, now does all the Wrath  
This Age affords us in the Files of Death,  
Croud every Passage, so as none can claim  
One Corner to conceal himself from them;

For

For (a) here's Lord Clifford, with the *English* Host,  
And all the *Saxons* you've incens'd most.

I, as a Friend, inform'd of your Distress,  
Have covenanted with the Knight to cease  
From Blood, if you'll embrace the *British* Terms,  
And now, consider, you've no conquering Arms;  
Your Body's open to each wounding Blow,  
Nor is there any Humane here you know,  
More than my self; and therefore I intreat,  
And beg it of you, that you would submit.

*Wal.* I know Lord Clifford; what tho' all the Power  
Of *England* be embattled round the Moor?  
I'll trust no Traitor, but, with treble Force,  
I'll form a Passage thro' his Foot and Horse.

[Presuming to go, he is prevented by Mont-  
teith's treacherous Harrangue.

*Monte.* Stay, stay, Sir William, does not all Extremes  
Strain more to Weakness than the Strength of Wings.

Are you unwilling to be reconcil'd,  
And at the same Time sure to be compell'd?  
What Folly is there in your former Boasts;  
For are you equal to an Age of Hosts?

To hope 'gainst Hope it self, is not secure,  
But here Compliance is the common Cure.

If then there's no ev'ing of those Snares,  
May my Entreaties, Tears, Petitions, Prayers,  
Have such Impression on you as to place  
Your whole Affections on a future Peace;  
Or, in Compassion to your Country's Grief,  
May you be only reconcil'd to Life.

It is incumbent on you to conform,  
That you may thereby struggle out the Storm,

And

---

(a) Sir John makes Wallace believe that the whole Army  
of *England* was there, whereas there was only Sixty Mon-  
teiths that he had march'd from his Castle Dumbarton on  
that bloody Design; and it was a Weakness in Sir William to  
trust before he tried; but it would seem his Glass was now near  
run, and his Life at a low Ebb.

And, with Advantage, afterwards revenge  
 This hid Envasion, by a hot Exchange :  
 For why, the *English* do not once propose  
 That you should harbour with your hated Foes,  
 But at *Dumbarton*, 'mongst your Friends, reside,  
 Till Matters are accommodate on *Tweed*.  
 And this being only all that they envy,  
 Pray, where's the Danger if you do comply.

*Wal.* There's nothing in it that we need to fear,  
 If you in your Addresses are sincere.  
 But first, upon your former Faith, I crave  
 Assurance that you will not me deceive.

[*Monteith holding up his Hands.*]

*Monte.* By all that's sacred, or the Shades of Hell,  
 I never did nor does design you Ill.

*Wal.* By this I'm tempted to intrust the Foe ;  
 Meanwhile let us remove who are to go. [Exeunt.]



### SCENE III. *changed to Guild-hall in London.*

#### (*Wallace sentenced.*)

Magnanimus est, qui secunda & adversa indifferentur  
 ferre potest.

*He who Prosperity and Pain*

*Alike can bear, alone does reign.*

*Enters Lennox in Disguise, and soon after a Courier.*

*Len.* **I**N Times of Peace, when no prevailing Storm,  
 Nor pregnant Tempest presses us to arm,  
 But Traitors tumbling in their Mother's Breast,  
 Are to the Chaos of a Hell reduc'd,  
 Then do I travel to improve my Parts,  
 And without Danger darken sovereign Courts,  
 Yet I'm impatient, while I proudly roam,  
 To know what's acted in our *Caledon*. *Cour. Is*



*Cour.* Is there no chosen Curse in any Cloud,  
Tipt with red Thunder, or untrim'd with Blood,  
Big with uncommon Wrath or Woe, to blast  
The Monster that has murder'd under Trust:  
Sure Heaven's hot Store-house is not so far run,  
As to want Lightning for so late a Wrong.

*Len.* Your Words confound me, and I fain would know  
What are your Reasons to revile the Foe.

*Cour.* Hear me, my Lord, hear Heaven, hear Earth and  
And you Possessors of the Atmosphere; (Air,  
Hear Hell itself, which celerates Revenge,  
And where the Guilty are reserv'd in Chains;  
Not only hear me, but unhinge your Wrath,  
With unadverted Vengeance on *Monteith*.

*Len.* Why talk you so, what has he done or said?

*Cour.* Alas, my Lord, a late infernal Deed,  
So's all from *Air* to *Solway* Sands, do stream  
In funeral Tears, and of the Fraud complain.

—Our Champion is betray'd by false *Monteith*,  
Sir *John* has done it, and renounc'd his Faith!

*Len.* But can you tell me how he did effect  
This Scene, which only Satan could project?

*Cour.* As I'm inform'd, Sir *William* was alone,  
In Dead of Night discover'd to Sir *John*,  
By his Domestick, who had stole his Arms,  
And thus to *Arran* yielded on these Terms,  
(Which the Betrayer with an Oath did seal)  
That he should safely at *Dumbarton* dwell,  
'Mongst his Relations there, till upon *Tweed*,  
The *Scots* and *Englisb* Nobles were agreed;  
And therefore pray'd him to permit, at least,  
A Towel, which was but tender, round each Wrist.

—But mark, below it lay a Net-Engine,  
With many a running Rope and ready Spring,  
By which, when they had bridl'd up his Hands,  
The next new Orders were for *Solway* Sands.

*Len.* A red Arsenal of descending Wrath  
Lies in the Windings of the Wretch *Monteith*;  
For Devils incarnate have moe curs'd Designs  
Than all their Fathers in infernal Flames;

And,

And, by this one Deceit, we're each ordain'd  
 A singular Death, and our Dead-warrant's sign'd  
 [ *A Drum beating the English March.*  
 I hear they come, let us in haste retire,  
 Or every Scot will find a Scaffold here.

*Enters Part of the English Court, viz. King Edward, Woodstock and Vallance; which last congratulates the King on the Account of their having (by Means of Monteith) Wallace, their most formidable Enemy, betrayed to them.*

*Val.* Four powerful Kingdoms now appear in one,  
*England, Hibernia, Gaul and Caledon;*  
 Where the old Ocean, from her oval Side,  
 Breaks forth in Billows to boil up the Tide.  
 But Fame being fuller than the Force of Floods,  
 And Fortune swifter than the swimming Orbs,  
 We all congratulate the *Grampian Faith*,  
 And, next to Empire, idolize *Monteith*,  
 Who, by one Merit, has oblig'd us more  
 Than all our Triumphs could attract before;  
 I mean, in so far as he has betray'd  
 To us the Author of the *Grampian Aid*:  
 And yet, my Lords, the Limets of our Power  
 Do stretch no further than the Foe's secure;  
 Nor is old *Albion* otherways confin'd,  
 Than that her Heroe is unjustly bound,  
 Whom I would have you hasten out of Time,  
 Should he deny you for *Edina's King*.

*King.* I do not question but his Death alone  
 Will contribute to give us *Caledon*:  
 But then, I see not, when the Champion's Dead,  
 How we in foreign Conquests can succeed;  
 And now, when on the Way to wait his Trial,  
 Could you so manage, as to melt his Ire,  
 And airt him over to the *English Aid*,  
 A fruitful Province should be your Reward;  
 But, if no Proffers will appease his Wrath,  
 The safest Sentence is a savage Death.

*Wood.* I'll try him first with Threats, for so he comes,  
 And next, to Flatt'ry I'll convert my Frowns.

*Enters*

*Enters Sir William bound, and beset with Guards.*

[Woodstock to Wallace.

*Wood.* Consider, *Wallace*, you are now beset  
With hardy Foes, and in a helpless State :  
You now no more command the *Grampian Power*,  
Nor lead your Godlike Heroes on to Gore ;  
Nor can you safely, with Assurance, claim  
One Step or stated Action as your own ;  
For *England's* Sovereign has shut up the Foe,  
And what he orders you must undergo.  
Nor did your Rage respect the Royal Blood,  
That swells the Number of our Nobles dead :  
My only (a) Son you slew on *Sheriff Moor*.

*Wal.* So would I, Sir, your self, had you been there ;  
It is my Interest to undo your Kin,  
And I thought never Self-defence a Sin :  
For then, that Bloodshed did not want its Base,  
Your cursed selves was the accursed Cause  
Of all the Judgments that has justly come,  
Or may hereafter thunder round your Throne.  
Ye slew our Fathers first, without Offence,  
And rob'd us after, of our All at once.

*Wood.* 'Tis more than obvious, that no Man on Earth,  
Has, this Day living, dealt so much in Death ;  
And yet our Lord, from Lenity and Love  
To all the Christian World and Works of *Jove*,  
Doth, of his gracious Pleasure, grant you Grace,  
And After-plenty, if you'll only cease  
From slaying sackless Subjects that are sent  
Their Master's Message to the North of *Trent*.  
But, otherways, if you are so obdur'd,  
As not to aid us, be you well assur'd,  
A cruel Torture shall your Body tare,  
So's no Invention can be more severe.

*Wal.* In

---

(a) Woodstock's Son was sent before the Army to Stirling,  
and, by his venturing too far on the other Side of Forth, was,  
with his 10000, surpris'd and cut off by the Horoe.

*Wal.* In Answer to each Article, you first  
 Affirm, I have been faithful to my Trust,  
 Which is a Virtue that no Varlet here  
 Has any Claim to, more than my Betrayers;  
 And for my Captains, whom you now repute  
 As Nought, for not endeavouring my Escape,  
 I hope hereafter they will (b) him restore,  
 Who moves to Empire, and does merit more.  
 Your Pride your Prison, and your other Plagues;  
 Your Monarch's Malice, and *Monteith's* Intrigues,  
 Do seem to me to be a sudden Flight  
 Of Atoms, only to obstruct the Light  
 For one short Season, and thereafter shine  
 With more refulgent Rays on *Caledon*.  
 The high Preferments which you do propose  
 For to confer on *Caledonia's* Foes,  
 As the Reward of a rebellious Faith,  
 Pray give them freely to your Friend *Monteith*,  
 Who, by his Treason, has already done  
 A singular Service to the *Saxon* Throne.  
 But, as for me, I have abandon'd all  
 For *Albion's* Int'rest; and my ardent Zeal,  
 My (c) Life, my Love, and my abiding Faith,  
 Shall ne'er desert her till the Hour of Death;  
 And then, may the Eternal Three in One  
 Send a Deliverer to our *Caledon*.  
 Your Treasure's no Temptation unto me,  
 Nor strikes your Tortures Terror in mine Eye;  
 For all the short Severities of Time,  
 Are an eternal Triumph unto him,  
 Who, when he could do *Albion* no more Good,  
 Seal'd his Intention thereto with his Blood.

So

---

(b) Him restore. ] Viz. Bruce, who had possessed himself of *Caledon* his paternal Throne, and, for that End, entered into a War against England.

(c) Life. ] Meaning, that he would employ the Remains of it in meditating upon and for her Interest.



So ask no further, for my only Pain,  
Is, that my dying is deferr'd so long.

[Wallace sentenced by King Edward.

King. Now, no more Mercy for a murdering Wretch,  
Whom Qualms of Conscience has no Call to touch,  
But scorns to live, because he's lost his Power,  
And is not in his Element of Gore.

[Uncovering their Heads.

Therefore my Royal Sentence signifies,  
That he be render'd a red Sacrifice,  
And, on *Tower-hill*, have his internal Veins  
Ript up, and every Quarter hung in Chains.  
So shall the *Scots*, thro' Fear, no more offend,  
And every Kingdom else that knows his End.

[Wallace looking sternly on the King.

Wal. Think not, inhumane Tyrant, that your Threats  
Or cruel Treatment, can deter the Fates  
From doing so far Justice to my Name,  
As, when I'm falling, to defend my Fame.  
And know, you Savage, That these shackl'd Hands  
Have shed the Blood of your beloved Friends,  
Your Brother *Hugh*, Six Nephews, second Son,  
Dropt from my Gardies to my Girdle down.  
Know I am he who have your Hopes deforc'd,  
And dares the *Saxons* still to do their Worst;  
For all my Wishes are, That *Albion's King*  
May finish what I have referr'd to him;  
So a red *Finis* shall receive Empire,  
And *Englisb Edward* in its Arms expire.

King. Treason, Treason. — Guards remove the *Scot*,  
For so ought all such Rebels to be treat. [Exeunt.



SCENE

SCENE IV. *changed to Edinburgh Senate-house.*

(Wallace bemoaned.)

Mors omnia devorat.

Seneca.

*Death interveening, does invade  
All Things created here, or made.*

*Enters Mother Caledon, led by Lennox, and accompanied by  
Rhymer and Monteith. (Caledon from the Regal Chair.*

Cal. **Y**OU Sages, who are said to know the Times,  
And are intrusted to interpret Dreams,  
Tell me what Muse, or other moving Flight,  
Has been Companion of my Cares this Night;  
I saw, or in my Sleep suppos'd, a Star,  
Bright as the Sun in his Meridian Car,  
Come from the West, and by a winding Ray,  
Convert a Chaos to a Heaven of Day:  
Thrice did it o'er my reverend Temples roll,  
And thrice it circl'd round the setting Pole;  
So that the former damp and dusky Air  
Deserted to the Saxon Hemisphere;  
And as it there in horred Darknefs hung,  
I pray'd that it might always prove the same;  
When lo, a Meteor that resembl'd Death,  
(Call'd by the Country People curs'd Monteith)  
Rose unexpected, and eclips'd our Glime;  
Yea, bore our Planet, in its blazing Train,  
To trembling England, where an infant Ray,  
Began to brighten on the Field of Day.

These were the Visions of my Head, when here  
I came, not knowing what to hope or fear;  
And therefore is it, that I ask again,  
The Import of an universal Dream.

Alas,

*Rhy.* Alas, the Revelation does reflect,  
Both on the Author and our own Neglect,  
As is already, to our Loss, explain'd,  
And thus the Apparition does portend,

The Planet you perceiv'd to circumscribe  
Your Temples thrice, from *Air* to *Albion Tawed*,  
And, with a darting Ray, the Damps of Night  
Convey'd, or rather did convert to Light,  
Can be no other than our *Elderslie*,  
Who set our Kingdom thrice from Bondage free,  
The woeful Meteor is the Wretch *Monteith*,  
Who to the Guardian did engage his Faith,  
Which twice he seal'd by all the sacred Quire,  
But never was his hellish Heart sincere;  
For, on a sudden, he rescinds his Vows,  
And sold our Heroe to his hateful Foes,  
By whom he's butcher'd, and in whom alone  
The Glory of this lower World is gone.

[*Caledon with a pale Countenance.*

*Cal.* Dare you presume to make a Princess fear  
The Fate of him in whom her All's entire.  
But ah ! a Spectrum sparkles in my Eyes,  
And from my Bosom all my Being flies ;  
Fear and alternate Joy are strictly joyn'd,  
At once to comfort, and at once confound.  
Say *Rhymer*, say, is there no *Saxon Guile*,  
No Artifice below an (a) aged Pile.

*Rhy.* Look up, old Mother, to the marching Host  
Of Heaven, that hovers o'er a wand'ring Ghost,  
And mark below these Angel Forms, (b) a Fort  
Or Fabrick falling, void of all Support ;  
Behold the upper Part all Pans of Light,  
And underneath it stands a Noon of Night ;

Such

(a) Aged Pile. ] *Meaning Gray Hairs.*

(b) A Fort or Fabrick falling. ] *Imports, That, by the unusual Meteor, or Motion of the Clouds, it appeared that this Ball of Earth whereon we live, was, as it were, unproped and perishing.*

Such Night as may be felt a fatal Change;  
 But ah, more fatal is *Monteith's* Revenge;  
 For why, our Champion's Death hath destin'd all,  
 And *Caledonia* next in Course must fall.

*Cal.* I am perswaded, that the Damp proceeds  
 Not from dead Heroes, but disorder'd Clouds,  
 Or from a Host of *English* that do fry  
 In Flames, whose Embers oft obstruct the Sky.  
 But, Heavens avert it, that the Vail should bear  
 The blackest Message e'er reach'd mortal Ear.

*Rby.* Madam, for Confirmation, I'll conclude  
 With his last dying Speeches spoke in Blood.  
 When the important Day, wherein the State  
 Of *Europe* trembl'd at Sir *William's* Fate,  
 Began to brighten, and by Paces ran  
 The new red Morning to the Mid-day Sun;  
 A Day wherein the whole Creation shoke,  
 And *Caledonia* felt the killing Stroke.  
 Sad in that Day, the dreadful Sons of War  
 Wept o'er the Windows of the Battle-Car;  
 For, as he always conquer'd, so he comes,  
 Crown'd to the Scaffold with triumphant Plumes.  
 Stern was his Looks, and steadfastly he throws  
 His Eyes amidst a Multitude of Foes,  
 And, with a Countenance which would have made  
 A Turk more tender, thus to them he said,

Hear me ye *English*, — Hear ye armed Throng;  
 To whatsoever Ensigns ye belong,  
 It is not now my Office to enquire,  
 Who's come, to suffer, not with Sword and Fire;  
 A free-will Sacrifice, not hither sent  
 By *Edward's* Armies, but my own Consent,  
 To seal my Country's Cause, and here resign  
 That Clay which was, in its Defence a Crime,  
 As thought the *English*, when, without Offence,  
 They slew our Fathers first, and Females since,  
 And now betray'd to them by false *Monteith*,  
 From whose Acquaintance I'm in quest of Death;  
 Nor would there been, to Day, this bloody Course,  
 Had I, at their Intreaties, feign'd Remorse;

But



But I abhorre the Life that they can give,  
 And therefore is it I disdain to live.  
 Which said, the Channel of his Blood ran flow,  
 Who, as he welcom'd the departing Blow,  
 With Hands uplifted for a second Time,  
 Thus to old *Albion* spoke her eldest Son,  
 Empress of Isles, from whom an Infant Birth,  
 I had in common with the Kings on Earth,  
 Whose Fate is either to be overgrown,  
 Or, in an Instant, to be overthrown :  
 By Turns Victorious, and by Turns betray'd ;  
 To Day undaunted, and to Day dismay'd.

From thee I rose, to thee I must return,  
 Tho', by my Butchers, I'm forbid an Urn.  
 And here, instead of States o'er whom I rul'd,  
 I'm in the Station of a State imbowell'd ;  
 Yet that ne'er stuns me, it being e'er the Case  
 And Close of Heroes in a humane Race.

But you are all my Care, and constant Toil,  
 The only Object that attracts my Soul ;  
 Esteeming all Things else, but light and vain,  
 That from my Suff'rings you may Safety glean.  
 If then you love me, let my last Commands  
 Remain imprinted on your Hearts and Hands,  
 Which are, That all your Off-spring be unite  
 In One, to make the Harmony compleat ;  
 And, when Occasion serves, assault the Foe  
 In a full Body, not in Factions two.

May all be subject to their Sovereign *Bruce*,  
 That so they may enjoy a general Peace,  
 And of his Bounty share, who shall revenge  
 My Blood on Saxons, by a hot Exchange.

All worthy *Scots*, *Jehovah* be your Guide,  
 Seeing I no more in Mercy can you lead.  
 May ye be plum'd with Plenty, Peace and Love,  
 To make you Suns on Earth, and Saints above.  
 And now the Battle in my (c) Blood's begun,  
 Adieu for ay, farewell fair *Caledon*. At

(c) Blood.] viz. Life-Blood, the first and last Inhabitant  
 of a humane Being.

[ *At which Caledon gives a rueful Clap.—*  
*Crys out Murder, and sinks down in the Chair.*

*Lennox to Rhymer.*

*Len.* While you relate a raging War maintain'd  
 By Two contending Kings, and in the End  
 A Heroe slain, here her Resentments boil  
 In all its Anguish, inward to the Soul.  
 For when a Sorrow is discharg'd in Tears,  
 A like Compassion seizes all that hears.  
 Who, while they comfort, or in part complain,  
 Both, in a Manner, mitigates the Pain.  
 But if 'tis mute, no Medicine you'll find,  
 To cure the Conflicts of a ruffled Mind.  
 Such is my own Condition I confess,  
 To Day a Servant to the same Distress.  
 I die.— Yet doubting if 'tis really so,  
 I seem to linger, and make Hast to go.

You Gods ! what Monster is a mortal Man,  
 Whose Breath's a Hand-broad, and his Life a Span.  
 Whose e'er uncertain when the Golden-bowl  
 Is dash'd in Pieces, to dislodge his Soul,  
 The Silver-Cord's untwist, and taring Death,  
 Does drag him from his Dieties on Earth,  
 That he should thus his Fellow Creature slay,  
 Whose Life, at most, is but a Moon-shine Day.

[ *At a Distance, a Trumpet sounding,*  
*Great Britain strike home.*

But ha, the Voice of Trumpets, here anon  
 He comes, to call her from the Grave.— A Groan.  
 She moves to Life, and as it nearer sounds,  
 The less she Fears, the more she feels her Wounds.

[ *Caledon supposing Sir William*  
*to be at Hand, sits chearfully up.*

*Cal.* Such various Notions has the Northren Earth,  
 Of Fame, of Fortune, Fellony and Death,  
 That the same Moment I am made believe  
 Our Heroe's slain, suggests he's still alive.  
 And this I trust, because the Trumpet-Air,  
 His usual Warning, does his March declare.

*Wel-*

Welcome my Son, of whom it has been said,  
That you was basely butcher'd and betray'd.

*Enters Bellona in Black.*

Ah ! killing Sight, in Sable Dress a Dame,  
Saw ye my Darling, saw you my dear Son ?

Is he in Being, does he yet survive,  
Once more to suffer, and in End to save ?

*Bell.* Madam, I mourn, because it is my Lot,  
To bear the sadest Tidings e'er a Scot  
Receiv'd, or treasur'd in a temporal Breast ;  
To wit, your Son, Sir *William*, is deceast.

[ *A Funeral Trumpet in the usual  
Form, sounding this, or the like.*

*Betrayed and slain,  
By Edward and John.*

*The Valiant and Gallant's gone to his long Home.*

*Cal.* Now, I'll indulge my Sorrows, and submit  
To all the Wrinkles of a wretched Fate ;  
For why should I survive him, to sustain  
The cruel Insults of the *English* King.

*Len.* Yours is a generous Grief, of great Concern,  
But see by no Means you omit to Arm ;  
For this would be to favour *Albion's* Foes,  
And add a future to the former Woes.

[*Shouts and Sighs from each  
external Corner of the Stage.*

And now the Corp is come, I hear a Shout,  
And Sighs alternate circle round about.  
They swim in Tears, and you must, in your Turn,  
Without Restriction, be allow'd to mourn.

But I beseech you, Madam, to restrain  
Your self, and only silently complain.  
Use Prudence, which alone will make you great,  
And now remember, that your All's at Stake.

*Enters the bloody Corps, carried by Mourners, at which  
Caledon throws away the Royal Rob, and hasts to meet it.*

*Cal.* Here, here, my Friends, set down the honour'd Dust,  
And may pale Darkness e'er plume *Edward's* Host ;

E

That

That bloody Host, to whom he was betray'd,  
And by whose Sentence, he's supinely laid.

How glorious are his Wounds, at once Survey  
The Print of Virtue in this House of Clay.  
But ah! No Language, where's that learned Stile,  
In which he spoke, without a Spot of Guile?  
Where's those strong Arms, with which he armed Death,  
And by his Conduct, publish'd Peace on Earth?  
Where's now those Eyes, that, like the Morning Lamp,  
Was seen to blaze, and break thro' every Damp?

All's here he ever had; but, ah alas!  
Not as they were, but mute and Motionless.

[Turning towards Monteith.

And are you also there, my Son Sir John,  
I should have said, thou false perfidious Man.  
Did e'er I merit from you the Reward  
Of Blood; because you was from Bloodshed spar'd?  
It was my Care, that made the cursed Cause,  
Wherein you enter'd, once upon a Pause;  
And rais'd Convictions in your vitious Breast,  
Which, as they grew in Substance, you suppress'd.

Ripe in an Instant, in the End they spoil,  
And Conscience no more can command the Soul.  
Then was it, that the Devil and you combin'd  
To sell a State, and sacrifice a Friend.  
See where he lyes, look to the lifeless Corp,  
And praise or pity, as you please the Work.  
For you have all the Confidence of Death,  
And on your dying waits a Day of Wrath.

[Monteith *steals away.*

Len. Madam, give Orders, that the honour'd Clay  
Be carried off in a becoming Way.

Cal. As he deserv'd, I have ordain'd his Mould,  
Should be sweet Odours, and his Urn of Gold.

[The Mourners remove with the Corp.

Len. With what Composure ye have heard the Queen  
Relate his Suff'rings, and lament her Son;  
It could be wish'd, we, with the same Respect,  
Would follow Reason, while we do reflect:  
To mourn a Friend deceas'd, is surely just,  
And what's imprinted on our Souls at first,

But



But much more just, if he has been injur'd,  
To punish those by whom his Death's procur'd.

Let's therefore arm for Action, and oppose  
The Power of *England*, our Platonick Foes,  
To whom great *Bruce*, old *Albion's* Second Son,  
Gave Battle thrice, and thrice has been o'ercome.  
Where sprightly Youth play'd on the verdant Plains,  
In Purple Robes, dy'd with Vermilion Stains,  
And humane Bodies damm'd the Chrystal Flood,  
With Crimson coloured Garments, roll'd in Blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

## F I N I S.

### . E R R A T A .

*Page 5. Line 20. for tacitus read tacita. P. 18. L. 5.  
for rapadious read rapacious. P. 31. L. 2. for sibe perdicti-  
onem read sibi perditionem.*

6 MA 50

1. The first step is to identify the problem.